

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From All the Year Round.

## THE VOICES IN THE FIR WOOD.

THERE'S ever a soft, low breathing through the  
fir-trees' long dark ranks,  
When the violets cloud with purple the con-  
strewn mossy banks;  
There's a soft and murmurous stirring, how  
faint soe'er it be,  
Though not a cloud is sailing upon the sky's  
blue sea.

There's a soft low simmering whisper when the  
summer flowers are still,  
And not a sound is stirring but the sheep-bells  
on the hill;

There's a soft low murmur spreading all through  
the sombre trees,  
Dim, distant lamentations of the prisoned Dry-  
ades.

It's like the distant surging of an ocean ill at  
rest,  
Round some sleeping lotus-island hid in the  
golden west,  
Where, on pebbles that are jewels, the long,  
broad, rolling tide  
Shouts with a laughing anger, and a half lazy  
pride.

It's like the banshee's wailing, heard from a dis-  
tant fen;

It's like the fairies mourning the earlier race of  
men.

Those chieftains who once proudly wore the  
bracelet, crown, and chain,  
And now, beside their crumbling swords, sleep  
calmly 'neath the plain.

But the voices wax more terrible in the damp,  
cold autumn eves,  
When down the long, dim riding come driving  
storms of leaves,  
That swell to tigrish ravings, and roars, as  
when Jove's thunder,  
Smote the crushed and stricken giants, and  
drove their hosts asunder.

They charge, with swelling fury, like horsemen  
hurled to break

The close ranks of the legions no storms of war  
could shake,

Those dark-browed sinewy Romans, that here  
once faced the spears,

And lie beneath us, all unwept but by the dew  
drops' tears.

When the wind, with a madman's frenzy, raves  
screaming in despair,

And tries to wrench, by their tangled roots, the  
saplings green and fair;

Those gusts of surging anger, that roll through  
the tossing trees,

Are the frantic lamentations of the prisoned Dry-  
ades.

## WASTE.

O HEART too deeply loving!  
Why fling away thy gold?  
Love never can be bought or sold,  
Love is no sum for proving;  
Why strive for what thou canst not gain,  
And waste thy golden years in vain!

Sad heart! too tightly round thee  
The magic chain is coiled;  
The uses of thy life are foiled  
Since this deep spell hath bound thee;  
And thy being vibrates to the touch  
Of a single hand loved overmuch.

If one word hath the power  
To set ablaze the skies,  
Or bring tears brimming to sad eyes,  
And change life hour by hour,  
It prophesies of sorrow near;  
In vain — in vain — thou wilt not hear.

It shows all things unreal,  
For life, wide though it be,  
In all its wideness holds for thee  
But one — thine own ideal;  
All other forms and faces fade  
Before the idol thou hast made.

If e'en one glance averted,  
One cold clasp of a hand,  
Can make it darkness o'er the land,  
Make life seem all deserted —  
Beware, O heart, lest thou hast given  
To earth the worship claimed by heaven!

And duties are around thee,  
Straight lying in thy path,  
But thy dull mind a shadow hath  
That hides what light surrounds thee,  
And far ahead the beacon lies  
Of thy transfixed steadfast eyes.

Look down, sad eyes, look downwards,  
The earth is full of woe,  
Of wild laments, and wailings low,  
Of harsh and jarring chords.  
Poor heart! in soothing others' pain  
The Light of Life will shine again.

And life is worth the living,  
Though as the years pass by  
They bring no answer to thy cry,  
No gift to match thy giving;  
Though thou must journey sadly on  
With scarce a hope to lean upon.

God gave thee life — to use it  
For His great ends, not thine;  
And if the cup be bitter wine,  
Shrink not — nor dare refuse it.  
He knows thy love — He knows thy pain —  
Sad life! thou wilt not be in vain.

Sunday Magazine.

M. B. DE LYTS

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE EPIC OF ARTHUR.\*

THE work of Mr. Tennyson now completed bears some relation to the work of a great painter, who, finding the world agaze over some vast landscape or splendid crowd, sets it suddenly before us upon his canvass with its greater features identified, and its lesser details fused in a golden haze. By our own unassisted powers we see the outlines of a hundred hills all dimly breaking upon each other, or the vast breadth of the plain, whence rise the wreaths of smoke that are towns, the faint lines that are village spires. But the hand of Art by a touch brings out the king-mountain, the centre of the scene; or sends the light gleaming down across the level country upon some tender harmony of colour and composition which is the key of the whole landscape. Thus has Mr. Tennyson dealt with the mass of curious literature which is connected with the legend of Arthur. He has taken it in hand with all its endless episodes and those innumerable details which confuse the picture, and has cleared for us a central group, and lit up with an intense common meaning the wonderful crowd that fills the scene. "The Idylls of the King" require no recondite knowledge of ancient English literature to make them appreciated, any more than Shakespeare requires that we should study the old chroniclers from whom in so many cases he derives the thread of his story. Mr. Tennyson has made these legends the property of his own age, with a fine sense of the conditions of that age, differing so completely from those of the visionary epoch in which his heroes live, and he has not hampered us with unnecessary shreds of the archaic words or customs. The picture, which he has set before us in separate chapters, with, let us allow, differing degrees of success, will be and has been received by the mass of readers as a series of romantic tales, of which the sad and sweet story of the love of Elaine for Lancelot is the gene-

ral favourite. From such a point of view the volume last published, "The Holy Grail," has a certain confusing effect upon the mind. The story of Elaine is perfect in itself, and so is that of Enid, and even of Vivien. But the Quest of the Grail is evidently a chapter in some greater drama, a fragment throwing broken light behind and before, meaning and inferring much that is not included in itself. The same thing may be said of the Coming and Passing of Arthur, which are equally imperfect and full of suggestion. They are the beginning and ending of a great historical-traditionary romance, a tragedy full of the highest aims, a story of human effort and passion surpassed by none in lofty meaning or in melancholy certainty of fate. We do not see that it is possible to come to any distinct perception of what Mr. Tennyson means if we confine ourselves to the special features of each story, or to his sense of moral purity or natural beauty, or any separate quality of a poet as developed in him. Not even his lofty and sweet but mannered verse, full as it is of noble lines, yet with a cadence too marked for perfection, is the first or greatest point for the critic. It is that here at length, completed before us, the poet has placed a great epic on which, no doubt, he will be content to rest his fame. Not many stories, but one — not mere caprices of genius, here an angel out of heaven, there a doubting spirit from other regions, flashed upon us we do not care how — but a grave drama involving all that is most noble and all that is most miserable in humanity, in which the great struggle of good against evil is going forward in manifold manifestations, the weak against the strong, the innocent against the wicked, and, last and most bitter of all, the noble against the most noble, the perfect against the broken faith.

Arthur is the popular national hero of what we are willing to call England, but what is in reality the poetical Celtic race driven into corners of England by the incursions of the broad-shouldered Saxon. But there is a certain primitive breadth in the conception of this patriot and Christian King, whose object is to make a kind of courteous and stately and picturesque paradise of his kingdom, which cannot be reduced into the strict nationality of one spe-

\* 1. *The Holy Grail*. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: 1870.

2. *The Idylls of the King*. By ALFRED TENNYSON. 1870.

3. *Morte d'Arthur*. SIR THOMAS MALORY'S Book of King Arthur, and of his Noble Knights of the Round Table. Edited by T. WRIGHT. 3 vols. London: 1858.

cial race; and accordingly it is evident that the legend lived through all manner of invasions — that even the Saxons themselves, who figured in it as heathens and aliens, did not smother or discourage the popular tale — and that it caught and captivated all that was highest in the heart of the chivalrous Norman, himself the flower of valour and courtesy as well as at times the cruellest of oppressors. Over all the island the wonderful story has floated, settling now here, now there, with sudden swallow flights from one site to another, from southern Scotland to the furthest point of the Land's End, from Northumberland to Middlesex, from the old decayed towns that still bear in their names some echoes of the mystic sound of Caerleon and Camelot to such places of every day as Winchester and London; nay, passing across the sea from Land's End to Land's End with the imaginative race which first conceived the idea of Arthur, to the misty coasts of Brittany, to find a dwelling among its weird rocks and moaning seas. It is not our business here to discuss the knotty point whether King Arthur was an actual personage, magnified and glorified by a hundred poets,\* or whether he was but the hope of mankind in those early ages to which a visible Deliverer was always necessary — a secondary, inferior incarnation of goodness a subject, dutiful, and altogether human Christ, following in the steps, and repeating the work, of the only Divine Christ, who was his model and Master. Such it seems to us is really the idea that lies underneath the legendary character of Arthur. The world felt itself so helpless, and the strong hand of force was so hard over it, that nature leaped at the thought of a secondary Saviour. Thus the musing dreamy Celtic soul formed its ideal — a King all truth, all honour, all courtesy, seating himself upon his throne, not for love of mastery or riches, but to curb the wild nobles and cruel tributary kings, to save the poor, to redress all grievances, to be ready night and day to answer any complaints of his

subjects. And about him a court all like himself; knights such as never were seen before on mortal soil, brave as lions, spotless as maidens, ever ready, like their master, for the service of all who wanted succour. It was the very ideal of knighthood seized and concentrated in all those wonderful local circumstances which gave reality to the tale. The gentle knight, pricking upon the plain, without any special designation, was too vague to satisfy the popular imagination. But a knight of the Table Round had instantly a recognized place and character. It was the Golden Age of a poetry which knew nothing of the Garden of the Hesperides; past, for the Golden Age is always past, but yet possible to be regained, for the age of gold is always to come.

Upon this first ideal every new comer raised another and another airy fabric; from the general conception every minstrel strayed into details. In the first place, a whole shadowy chapter of uncertainties grew about the birth of the hero-king. His descent was proved, so that genealogy might be satisfied; but whether the boy was the son of Uther and Ygerne, or a babe brought from the unknown, no one could certainly affirm. And as he came, so he passed, in uncertainty, wounded to the death, but yet borne away by the mystic queens and their maidens, who had, who could tell? what mysterious heavenly unguents to heal the dying — borne away through the rustling gloom into the valley of Avillion, from which perhaps he was to come again. Such is the wondrous tale as it grew by degrees in the early morning of our island-world. But the more the story grew, less and ever less grew the moral purpose which had been its first beginning. The poets were distracted by gleams of armour in the woods, and the crimson and gold of a knight's pavilion, set down in every little glade as they passed by, where some man of might sat challenging all comers; or by the towers of a castle on the horizon, where there was ever a new story awaiting them, a whitehanded princess to be rescued, another armed chevalier to be found or fought. By degrees there was nothing to be heard in the story but the clank of the mailed horses, the shiver of spears — and in the interval a hundred

\* In Mr. Cox's "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," a work of singular interest which we hope to examine more fully, he has traced the origin of the Arthurian legend in a different manner. In his eyes, Guinevere is the Helen, and Lancelot the Paris, of a tale which takes us back to the Trojan war; but in what page of the *Iliad* does he find an Arthur?

love-tales, some of true love and noble loyalty, but most, alas! of the light and fickle, of tempted knights and fallen maidens. Duessa stole upon the scene from which Una had fled; and Arthur, appearing but fitfully in the midst of his court, was lost in the flutter and movement of the crowd. The endless mazes of this crowd show how entirely popular and addressed to the general mass is all this circle of legend. It is the story without an end; wherever the minstrel moves he is tempted to digressions; every moment he turns aside from his straight road for some new episode; and the result is that in the thronging, and hurrying and multiplication of detail, the grand thread of the drama becomes almost lost. There is a mass of material, a group of narratives to please all fancies; but the eye is bewildered amid all these marchings and countermarchings, in the countless battles and tiltings, and still more numerous personal encounters. We sometimes lose the identity even of the immediate champion whose path we are following; and still more do we lose the greater figures of Arthur and his most famous knights in the ever-repeated tale of personal prowess, as knight after knight appears in the field.

Mr. Tennyson has taken this mass of legend in hand, not with the simple intention of reproducing the chronicle. He has not followed it even as Shakspeare often followed the old romancers who went before him. He has founded upon the early tales of Arthur a great modern drama, modern because it is pervaded by a conscious moral aim which belongs neither to the heroes nor to the poetry of primitive life. He has made his selection of characters and incidents with a care which only the student will fully appreciate, and he has so fused the whole in the alembic of his own genius that the conception is as truly his own as if the name of Arthur had never been heard before in poetry. If space and time permitted, we should endeavour to show the wonderful difference between the rudimentary character of the Arthurian epic as unfolded in legend and tale, and the tragedy which Mr. Tennyson has built out of its fragments, and which henceforward must represent to the English mind the real story

of our traditional hero; but in the meantime our first concern is with that tragedy itself.

The legendary opening of the tale is as follows:—Uther Pendragon, the necessary pioneer in all legends, a king half-visible, looming like a shadow out of the chaos of a world just beginning to shape itself into coherence, after ruling with a certain dawn of legal power his unruly lords, dies without any acknowledged heir, leaving in the hand of the great Mage Merlin a secret and a trust. This concerns a child mysteriously born, the offspring of Uther's wife Ygerne and of a shadow, whom she cannot identify; for King Uther had been transformed by the magician into the semblance of Ygerne's former husband at the very moment when that husband was dying, and the whole question of the birth is one involved in mystery and trouble and doubt. It is Merlin, however, the only person who has any real information on the subject, who has the whole matter in hand. Accordingly he finds the child, whom he has himself carried away at King Uther's death, in the person of a brave and beautiful youth of fifteen who has been nourished as their own child by a knight and his lady who were Uther's friends. The establishment of this youth upon the throne tasks at first all Merlin's energies; but by dint of his wisdom and the wonderful successes and valour of the young King, this is happily accomplished. Arthur loves Guinevere, the sole child and heiress of old King Leodogran, for whom, after his own difficulties were over, he had fought. This old king, who in the legend is as anxious as any match-making mother in a novel to secure the new paladin for his child, occupies in Mr. Tennyson's work the more dignified position of a reluctant and anxious father, inquiring deeply into Arthur's title and origin before he bestows upon him his best possession. Leodogran has accepted the young man's service as any king in trouble was justified in accepting the aid of a knight, but before he gives him the lovely Guinevere he has to satisfy himself about his antecedents, and whether his throne is likely to be a firm one. This device enables Mr. Tennyson to give us a full history of Arthur's supposed birth, which is told to

Leodogran by the knights Ulfus and Brastius—who have come to seek his daughter's hand—and by Queen Belicent of Orkney, supported by the testimony of Bleys, the teacher of Merlin. This is the episode called the "Coming of Arthur," the first poem in Mr. Tennyson's new volume, and which he instructs us to place first in the series of tales he has now moulded into the fulness of history. In this summary of evidence, it is a mistake, we think, to omit the strange metamorphosis of Uther into Gorlois which is accomplished by Merlin, and throws a certain confused and shadowy incoherence into the tale, and obscurity upon the child's origin, baffling all inquiry, in a less forced and artificial way than the invention of a babe brought to Merlin's feet by the waves which Mr. Tennyson has substituted for it. The intention of the primitive story clearly is that a cloud should still be left upon his birth—not of shame, for Ygerne is virtuous as she is fair, and his father's lawful wife—but of uncertainty, wonder, and mysterious doubt. The poet, however, has not chosen to adopt this expedient, and for once we think he has not improved upon the tale. It begins on the eventful night of Uther's death, when the child of Ygerne, as has been just described, was born, and delivered to the magician to be kept safe until he was strong enough to defend himself. Leaving the postern-gate with, as we are given to understand, the infant newly-born—closing the door upon the distracted palace where the King lay dead, and his widow newly-stilled from her pangs—Merlin and his master Bleys went forth:—

"the two  
Left the still king, and passing forth to breathe,  
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm  
Descending thro' the dismal night—a night  
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were  
lost—

Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps  
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof  
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern  
Bright with a shining people on the decks,  
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two  
Dropt to the cove and watch'd the great sea fall  
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,  
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep  
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged  
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:  
And down the wave and in the flame was borne  
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,  
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried,

"The King!  
Here is an heir for Uther!" And the fringe  
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,  
Lash'd at the wizard, as he spake the word,  
And all at once all round him rose in fire,

So that the child and he were clothed in fire  
And presently thereafter followed calm,  
Free sky and stars . . . ."

This scene is more marvellous and less equivocal than the mystic change of the unlawful lover into the husband on that other wild night when Gorlois was slain: but it produces more than the confusion required, and indeed perplexes the mind as to what became of the other poor babe which Merlin had just received at the postern gate.

Thus, however, with a certain mystic doubt about whose son he was, or if he were the son of any man, came into the world the Hero-king. To those who received it he was the sent of heaven—a king to rule over them given by God—the bringer in of new laws, new hopes, a better world. Such is the story which old King Leodogran pondered in his heart, thinking over the service which Arthur had done him, and looking upon his daughter Guinevere, who "was fairest of all flesh on earth" and "his one delight." Nor was it to an ordinary throne and an ordinary task that Arthur invited her. His yearning for the companionship of the woman he loved was not, as we shall see, without reference to the great work and mission which he felt he had taken upon him. He "felt travail and throes and agonies of life, desiring to be joined with Guinevere." But still it is thus he muses with himself:—

"Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts  
Up to my throne, and side by side with me?  
What happiness to reign a lonely king,  
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,  
O earth that soundest hollow under me,  
Vext with waste dreams? for saving I be join'd  
To her that is the fairest under heaven,  
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,  
And cannot will my will, nor work my work  
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm  
Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,  
Then might we live together as one life,  
And reigning with one will in everything,  
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,  
And power on this dead world to make it live."

This, the reader will recollect, is one of the sudden arrows which the little novice at Almesbury in her ignorance buries in the guilty heart of the Queen when she has taken refuge in the convent after her feverish career is over. "Could he find," says the little maid, repeating from her father's talk—

"A woman in her womanhood as great  
As he was in his manhood, then, he sung,  
The twain together well might change the  
world."

Such is the grand foundation of the tragedy. It is nothing less than a world delivered that is in Arthur's thoughts. He has collected his Knights of the Round Table from all the surrounding regions, binding them to him with the noblest of vows. A great expectation throbs in the heart of the country so long torn asunder by war and conflict. The enthusiasm of a youth, all stainless and spotless, full of the dreams that never come to realization, is to reclaim the world, if he can but find a woman in her womanhood as great. In this devout innermost hope of the beginning comes the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which is to destroy it forever.

But of this we hear nothing for a time. The round table has been formed, the knights sworn to their noble mission. "I made them lay their hands in mine and swear," Arthur himself says, describing that splendid vision —

"To reverence the King as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their  
King,  
To teach the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redeeming human wrongs,  
To speak no slander, no nor listen to it,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

The dream is realized, heaven and all good spirits, and the wise Merlin, wisest of mortal men, aiding in the endeavour, and such a society comes into being as never had existence yet in this commonplace world. There is jousting in the green meadows by Usk, and feasting in the halls of Caerleon as the days go by like a dream. If any distressed maiden or even churl in trouble appears at the threshold of the great hall, there is ever a knight ready to start at the appeal, and follow to whatever danger may present itself — ever a just impartial hearing for all complaints, did they touch the highest in the kingdom. Now and then, in a moment of high emotion, there flashes through all the Order "a momentary likeness of the king;" his supreme nobleness, simplicity, and purity impressing itself upon all, the less exalted more terrestrial spirits round him. With them, as with the more manageable human material, however, the after tale has chiefly to do. And it is hard to blame Mr. Tennyson with this as with a defect. It is difficult to do more than describe and adore the perfect man; in his very essence he is passive. There are no warring passions about him, no fierce ambitions, no undermining meanness of distrust. Until the moment comes when he is crushed under the sudden anguish of sorrow and shame, Arthur cannot be an active

actor on the scene. He is the centre, the arbiter, the great calm spectator, always with a shade of sadness across him, sometimes stern, with thoughts of the evil which was so hard to overcome; but it is not for him to undertake adventures like a simple knight, and his mind is incapable of that conflict of doubt and suspicions which might have awaited a soul less perfectly true and pure. And there is a certain absorption in his great design which helps also to separate Arthur from the more active ebb and flow of life. He is never too much pre-occupied to forget that all-embracing splendid courtesy which is his grand characteristic, but his heart is too full of great thoughts to mark the whispering and glances, the stolen words and looks, upon which meaner spirits build so much. He stands behind the lively foreground, watching with a smile and sigh the doings of his knights, proud of their prowess, sad at their imperfections, but always full of a noble confidence that the best will come of it, and busy with his own work the while. When real war is on hand, and the great object of his life — the chasing away of heathenism — demands his strength, a flush of inspiration comes upon the benign King, and his real force becomes apparent. So Lancelot describes him to the wondering group of Astolat with a heart-rending reverence and admiration. "I saw him," said the noblest of his knights —

"High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume  
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,  
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,  
'They are broken, they are broken,' for the  
King,  
However mild he seems at home, nor cares  
For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts —  
For if his own knights cast him down, he  
laughs  
Saying, his knights are better men than he —  
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God  
Fills him: I never saw his like; there lives  
No nobler leader."

This, however, is the fate of the Hero-king throughout Mr. Tennyson's tragedy — until the end comes, when, brought down to the level of common humanity by great wrong and anguish, he finds a voice for himself. The same thing is the case to a lesser degree in the old legends. While Tristram, and Gawain, and Kay, and Lamorack, and a hundred more, are showing their qualities in action, Arthur, greater than them all, stands apart by very reason of his greatness. He said this or that comforting or reproving word; he made this or that just judgment; but we do not see him nor hear him. He is a great

shadow pervading the whole, but never in the front. It is the penalty of his supremacy. "There is the man," says great Lancelot, when pushing slowly through the crowd, with his own guilt and doom hidden in his heart, he points out "the clear-faced King," serene in his great purity, to the enthusiastic boy by his side. Thus he has to be always indicated to us; and this necessity is a kind of burden upon the tale. But it is hard to see how it could have been avoided, or how the visionary Arthur, perfect, stainless, all complete, ever could have been more immediately revealed.

Thus, however, Arthur began: he had his time of apparent fruition, happy in his mission, and in his fair wife and noble companions —

"Arthur and his knighthood for a space  
Were all one will, and thro' that strength the  
king  
Drew in the petty princedoms under him,  
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame,  
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and  
reigned."

Here the reader is moved to pause with that half-melancholy reverence which is due to the sight of happiness and completion, knowing that it cannot be, that the dream thus fulfilled must not last, and that in proportion to the brightness will be the bitterness and the downfall. Nor are we left without indications from the very beginning how the downfall is to come. The order, and the realm, and the new hope for humanity, are built upon absolute purity and truthfulness and upon that chaste and entire union between man and woman which is nature's remedy for one great family of vices. Again and again this is intimated to us,

"Reign ye, and live and love, and make the  
world

Other. And may thy queen be one with thee,"

is the marriage blessing pronounced over Arthur, as he stands before the stateliest of British altars, with his bride by his side; while to the King himself it is apparent that "I cannot will my will and work my work, wholly" unless "joined to her that is the fairest under heaven." This is the condition of his success. Not the monastic purity of later and less hopeful visions, the barren whiteness which could but put a stop to ordinary life, not sanctify and enlarge it; but that highest honour and purest purity of marriage from which a new, sweeter, saintlier world should spring. It was to be the buckler of this apostle of chivalry. Thus armed, he feared not final victory even in the midst of all the lawless

love and fierce temptations that beset his knights. Coming back to his own high centre of honour, to the stainless pair upon the throne, there was still hope that all wandering affections should be stilled, and the sweet rule grow dearer and dearer. In this confidence and with this hope his reign began.

But even while he records these hopes, the poet with a sigh breathes aside a corner of the magic curtain which covers the future, and shows us "the little rift within the lute." The greatest knight of all his knights, his dearest friend and companion, had been sent by Arthur, as was most meet, to bring his bride to him. This new figure upon the scene where as yet there are so few actors is Lancelot. It is he who leads the chosen maiden through all the flowery breadth of the land which Arthur has subdued and tranquillized, to her future home. What a journey! "The time was Maytime, and as yet no sin was dreamed." Like a vision to the mind of the guilty Guinevere years after comes back that wonderful brief glimpse of unconscious happiness. How they rode, ahead of their following, she the fairest under heaven, he the best knight and goodliest man —

"Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love,  
And sports and tilts and pleasure . . .

Rode under groves that looked a paradise  
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth  
That seemed the heavens upbursting thro' the  
earth,

And on from hill to hill, and every day  
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale  
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised  
For brief repast or afternoon repose  
By couriers gone before."

This idyllic journey took place before ever Arthur held her hand. It is sinless, but the young imagination has been disturbed. There is no place for the noble tranquil image of the hero-husband. And Lancelot is by, always near, with a pathetic passion growing in his eyes. Thus the very germ of all evil and overthrow and dishonour is already in being, even while the nuptial blessings are said and the new hopes begin.

Having thus warned us of what is to come, the poet breaks away into the story of Enid, with which we are all familiar. It is the story of Doubt, the first trembling shadow of a possible cloud. But in the beginning all is still peace and sweet serenity and hope. The King is hunting in the woods, "the stately queen," attended by a single maiden, waits on a knoll to see the hounds pass. There is no poison, no gloom

in the picture. With a sweet friendliness such as becomes her rank, Guinevere greets the young Prince, who is of her husband's court, and when he rides off to avenge the petty insult offered to her, dismisses him with gracious words:—

"Be prosperous in this journey as in all,  
And may you light on all things that you love,  
And live to wed with her whom first you loved

But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,  
And I, were she the daughter of a king,  
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the hedge,  
Will clothe her for her bridal like the sun."

The episode which follows, and which is one of the most beautiful bits of narrative Mr. Tennyson has ever produced, scarcely inferior to Elaine, the picture of the ruined castle of Yniol, and his fair daughter in her faded silk, whom Prince Geraint "for utter courtesy" permits to stable his horse and serve him at table, because the good house, though ruined, "endures not that a guest should serve himself," has little to do with the main thread of the story. We only return to our argument when we find Enid clothed like the sun for her bridal by Guinevere's own hands, and received into the intimate companionship of the Queen.

"And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart

Adored her as the stateliest and best  
And loveliest of all women upon earth.  
And seeing them so tender and so close,  
Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint."

While this young pair, however, live at the court in the full sunshine of favour, enjoying all the pageants and the splendour, and each other, there rises slowly like an exhalation across the brilliant scene the first whisper of the scandal that Lancelot and Guinevere look upon each other with a guilty love. It is but a whisper which nobody dares to breathe aloud, but suddenly the whole fair landscape darkens before us. Geraint, a man of moody and suspicious soul, is the first sufferer. With characteristic readiness he believes the half-born rumour, for it is his nature to see the worst, just as it is the nature of the magnanimous Arthur to suspect nothing. Geraint suspects at the first word. He is the impersonation of Doubt, and all the confusion, and misery, and wild uncertain ghosts it breeds. While yet the world is all fair around him, the shadow of this first suspicion clouds his whole soul, it sets him wrong in all his relationships with the King, and his brethren in arms. He breaks up the fair fellowship, making excuse that there is work for him to do at home, and with the mist of

suspicion hanging over everything, carries off his wife, determining in the first jealous terror to guard her so that she at least should be free from all temptation to evil:—

"thinking that, if ever yet was wife  
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me.  
He compassed her with sweet observances  
And worship, never leaving her, and grew  
Forgetful of his promise to the king —  
Forgetful of the palace and the hunt —  
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament —  
Forgetful of his glory and his name —  
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares."

The reader knows already how wild and weary is the rest of the tale; how the moody man in waking catches and misunderstands her broken words, and how the two go forth on their aimless, miserable adventures. Perhaps most of us have grumbled a little within ourselves, as we read, at the languor of the tale, and the utter unreason of Geraint's doubts, and his sulkiness and evil temper, and the persistent way in which he broods upon the fancied wrong. The man is tedious if we take him by himself; but take him as the first victim of that canker which is beginning to eat at the root of all social happiness, and his aspect changes. Can anything be more significant of the sudden fear, and trembling of all the foundations of the earth which the queen's unfaithfulness calls forth, than Geraint's sudden, painful, uxorious watching, and equally sudden wild cruelty and miserable wanderings? From the moment he hears of it, the sanctity of the Round Table, and his allegiance to its sovereign, and his faith in his own life and love are over for one of Arthur's knights. He can trust no more, either the experience of the past, nor any hope the future can give him. The pure love in Enid's eyes is all obscured by this vile vapour; and so is his own life, which becomes to him a worthless trifle to throw away, scarce worth fighting for, though at the same time he fights with a blind rage of despair which carries everything before him. Wild as the aimless wandering by wood and fell from which the Round Table and its severe vows and duties had withdrawn all the chosen knights, is the mad sullen adventure upon which Geraint, fallen from his high estate, goes forth. He means nothing, hopes for nothing. The fountains of his very being are embittered; and all because a sudden breath, a shadow, perhaps false, perhaps premature, has grown about the queen. The little rift is slowly widening, the seed of mischief has been sown.

The next chapter of the drama goes, as appears at the first glance, far afield. It is the story of Merlin and Vivien, the least

popular of the whole series, but not the least powerful. It is a story all made up of pretended love, false fondness, and a fleshly passion, which yet is not real passion at all, nor to be dignified by any name, however gross, which can express the strong desire of one human creature for another. Merlin, old, wise, and experienced in all wiles, permits himself, half out of indifference and weariness, half out of amusement at the tricks and art which he sees through, to become the companion of one of those false, fair, caressing, heartless beings who were the sorceresses of romance, and have just re-appeared among modern heroines. Alas for the Round Table and its grand purpose — alas for Arthur's mission among men, when such a creature as Vivien comes out of his court! A whole history of secret sin, of slackened laws, of the woman-ruler fallen from her eminence, is in the very existence of this woman, who has not a spark of truth or faith, or belief in anything either good or evil, left in her. An utter cynical levity and insensibility, such as amazes even the wise Merlin, with all his knowledge of wickedness and the world, are in this fair young lissom creature, who yet can counterfeit almost every charm of innocence, give her but warning of its necessity. She is the very antipodes of the lady of romance, the woman great in her womanhood, by whose help a hero-king might change the world. The sudden sight of her in the midst of that court of Guinevere, and the sound of her light laugh, ringing with mockery at all the fables of purity and goodness, which are mere idle tales to her sharp yet darkened intelligence, is like the serpent in Eden. She betrays the existence of a hundred harms; where she could harbour, with her incapacity to understand anything better than herself, and mocking scorn of goodness, how many lesser evils must be lurking, how low the standard must have fallen. Not only is her own vicious presence a sign of the coming curse, but it is a proof how vice itself becomes more hopelessly debased from the neighbourhood of fallen virtue. The stain upon the whiteness of Guinevere removes all restraint from the evil nature of Vivien; it frees her tongue to shrill mockery, and her heart to wicked thoughts; it fills her with that malicious satisfaction in the supposed vileness of all, here more and there less successfully hidden, but universal, which is the last evidence of demoralization. She has it even in her to doubt, even to tempt the stainless king, in the very imbecility of wicked wit and false knowingness. Her existence is a reproach to the queen, just as the existence of a coward and traitor

among his knights would be a reproach to Arthur. It is thus that the poet shows how fundamentally deep already the evil has gone.

And here again the whole tale is symbolic. There is nothing true in it, as we have just said, from beginning to end; all is feigned — her love for Merlin, her caresses, even the signs of devotion she gives him, which are matters of fact, and yet as false as her own heart. She follows him over the sea to the wild Breton shores. She goes with him across the sands and through the dark untrodden forest. She gathers the trickling water for him in her own "lady-palms," and gives him drink. She bathes his feet in the brook, and hangs about him with fawning fondness; and yet he knows and she knows, that she no more loves him, or is capable of loving anyone, than is the grass beneath her feet. Neither is Merlin on his part more true; he suffers her caresses, seconds them in a way, lets his arm drop about her carelessly, locks her hand in his because the pretty toy is there within his reach, and sometimes smiles at her with faint amusement, sometimes wakes into outbursts of indignation at her evil thinking and cynical disbelief; but never for a moment has any real trust in her, never loves her, or believes in her love. Yet to this creature whom he sees through, whom by times he loathes, the wise man gives up his secret, knowing all the time what use she will make of it. Strange double parable full of many meanings! but mostly instinct with this one meaning, so far as regards the great thread of our tale: — Merlin has been Arthur's help in many a strait ere now; but now that has happened to Arthur in which neither Merlin nor any man can help him. All that wisdom can do cannot establish again those conditions on which alone his great mission could be accomplished. Therefore what matters it now what becomes of that vain wisdom — let it be conquered by fate, by despair, by this false image of the love which was to be the saviour, and has become the destruction of the land and all its hopes. Let "the charm of woven paces and of waving hands" be betrayed to the enchantress if she will. The magician is too weary, too indifferent, to contend with her selfish eagerness. Shut him up in that eternal prison, what matters? His king, his young hero, his miraculous child has failed in his mission. As falsehood must ruin Arthur, why struggle against the incarnate lie which would ruin Merlin first? Wisdom is too sick at heart to struggle with Folly for anything so poor as life.

After these two independent narratives, which carry on so wonderfully, almost without our knowledge, the greater action of the drama, giving us a kind of insight, as of contemporaries, into all that has been passing at the court, the poet leads us back to the central story in the most perfect of all the cycle of legends, the beautiful tale of Elaine. And here for the first time actually dawns upon us the finest conception of modern poetry, the great Lancelot. We have heard of him before but too often. We know what he is and who he is. The best knight and goodliest man, the hero of innumerable adventures. We are aware that there is no knight of the Table Round, and much less any out of that brotherhood, who can stand before him; and that he is courteous and gentle and pitiful as becomes his mightiness. So much we have learned from the old legends: but yet the Lancelot of Mr. Tennyson's poem is his own creation, the greatest effort of his genius, and, to our thinking, the foundation of his highest fame. The moment this strong, sad, tender, heroic figure comes upon the scene, the whole atmosphere is changed. He is the embodiment of truth itself warped into falsehood, honour itself turned into dishonour. His love is his being — not a fiery passion subject to sudden gusts of doubt and wild variations like that of Guinevere, but still, unchangeable, one with the incurable sorrow in his noble breast. He of all others is the one who has most clearly fathomed the work and the hopes of Arthur; yet he it is who has given the death-blow to those hopes. Of that grief he will never cure himself should he live for ever; and yet he cannot get free from his sin. The evil is done, it is irremediable. Penitence might avail himself, but not his lord whom he has so foully injured, whom he so fondly serves. Never does so much as Arthur's shadow glide over his path, but Lancelot does homage to the purer, loftier man. He prostrates himself under Arthur's feet in immeasurable compunction, in unchangeable reverence. The poet's fine instinct has led him to present this noble figure to us only when the first intoxication of passion is over, and the awful light of reality has fallen upon the dream. We have no glimpse of Lancelot in the first triumph and feverish exultation of his sin. He has found it all out, its enormity of evil, its bitterness, its growing and gathering mesh of falsehoods, its kindred with everything that is most opposed to all the impulses of his nature, before he becomes known to us. It is a bondage which he cannot break. Were he even strong enough to break it, his loyalty

to Guinevere could not brook that he should be the first to suggest such a severance. He is her slave to do her will, in that great wondering shame and pity which amid all his love he has for the woman who has yielded to him. Never from him can the word of parting come. His honour is rooted in dishonour, his faith unfaithful is beyond the touch of change. He moves about that court where every man suspects him but Arthur, his face marred and his spirit veiled by the shadow of his sin, in everything but this spotless as Arthur's self, the soul of knightly nobleness and grace. A certain languor is upon his looks and his movement as we watch him; he has no longer the heart to be moved by thought of his fame — even the desire of winning that last diamond to deck his queen is faint within him; at a glance from her eye he relinquishes it, at a word takes it up again. Her cunning suggestions give him a certain smothered pain; but what is a pang more or less to the great silent anguish which lies always in his heart — *nel lago del cuore*, as Dante says — in the depths profound where no sunbeam ever can get entrance to cast a ray of hope upon the dark waters. Such is the *contrehéros* of the drama, not the villain, more like a martyr in his melancholy loyalty, a martyr not for holiness but to sin.

Guinevere herself becomes visible to us in the same sudden light, a woman miserable by times yet not stripped of all possibility of gladness like the nobler soul of Lancelot, passionate, petulant, moved by wild gusts of anger and jealousy and distrust, as different from his sad languor as night is from day. As her treachery is deeper, so is her soul more disturbed, and the woman's keener sense of degradation shows itself in her tingling nerves and fitful temper, her sudden suspicions and restless freaks of fancy. While the man who has wronged Arthur reverences him above all others, the woman rails at him, with breathless lip and beating heart —

"She broke into a little scornful laugh :  
 ' Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless king,  
 That passionate perfection, my good lord —  
 He never spoke word of reproach to me —  
 He never had a glimpse of mine untruth —  
 He cares not for me.' "

Strangest subtle fault to find in such a position, and yet how true to the woman's point of view! Upon Lancelot lies the overwhelming burden of the sin, but her's are all the sharp arrows of remorse — the keen dread of losing what she has bought so dearly, and that bitter sense of having given all and having no further recompense

to offer which distracts the doubting heart. "She has sacrificed everything to me, and therefore I can never leave her," is the man's theory. "I have sacrificed everything to him, and therefore he will leave me," is the miserable thought of the woman; and accordingly in her madness she thrusts this possibility upon him with wild words of simulated calm:—

"Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife,  
Should have in it an absoluter trust  
To make up that defect"

says Lancelot; but Guinevere flashes back upon him, her trembling hands plucking the vine leaves—her whole frame quivering with hot anger and misery:

"Our bond is not the bond of man and wife;  
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,  
It can be broken easier."

It is when this passionate interview has terminated, and the queen, flinging from her window the nine-years-fought-for diamonds,

"Hard won and hardly won with bruise and blow,  
With deaths of others and almost his own,"

has "burst away to weep and wail in secret;" and Lancelot, bewildered and sad to death, "in half disgust at love, life, all things," leans on the edge of the open casement, watching where the rippling river has closed over those sparks of light, that the black barge glides down the sunny stream, with the dead Elaine in her simple pomp coming to him for whom she has died—contrast supreme of love that dies and love that kills. The sweetest, fairest, most innocent of all the victims of that fatal connexion is the lily maid. It is purity itself and virgin youth, and sweet true, natural Love and Hope that are thus sacrificed before the shrine of evil passion. Another and yet another—fair Enid's peace—old Merlin's life—the honour of Arthur—the very existence of his Order—the hope of England; and now, dearest, tenderest victim, laid out in her maiden whiteness with her lily crown,—sweet Elaine! As the tragic boat glides down the stream, and the idlers throng to the marble stairs, and Lancelot, but half woke to the new wonder, muses in his bitterness at the vine-wreathed casement, how the air darkens with approaching fate! The whole agitated whispering court is moved for a moment to tears and to silence; the ladies weep; the knights hold their breath; the queen herself comes and sheds hot remorseful tears over the maiden's bier. It is a wonder

which strikes them all dumb in mid-career of gaiety and gossip and tale-bearing. Arthur himself is moved out of his calm by the heartrending sight; a pang of wonder goes through even his unsuspicious soul. "I would to God thou could'st have loved this maiden!" he cries in his affection and pity for his brother-in-arms. What wonder that Lancelot, stealing away as soon as he could free himself from all this maze of passion and pain, should throw himself down by the river-side in his despair, and feel his bonds eat into his very heart?—

"And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but he went,  
And at the inrunning of a little brook,  
Sat by the river in a cove, and watch'd  
The high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes  
And saw the barge that brought her moving  
down,

Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and said  
Low in himself, Ah, simple heart and sweet,  
You loved me, damsel, surely with a love  
Far tenderer than my queen's. Pray for thy  
soul?

Ay, that will I. Farewell, too—now at last—  
Farewell, fair lily. Jealousy in love?  
Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous  
pride?

Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,  
Might not your crescent fear for name and fame  
Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes?  
Why did the king dwell on my name to me?  
Mine own name shames me, seeming a re-  
proach,

Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake  
Stole from his mother—as the story runs—  
She chanted snatches of mysterious song  
Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn  
She kiss'd me, saying, Thou art fair, my  
child,

As a king's son, and often in her arms  
She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.  
Would she had drown'd me in it, where'er it  
be!

For what am I? What profits me my name  
Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have  
it:

Pleasure to have it none; to lose it, pain;  
Now grown a part of me: but what use in it?  
To make men worse by making my sin  
known?

Or sin seems less, the sinner seeming great?  
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man  
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break  
These bonds that so defame me: not without  
She wills it; would I, if she will'd it? nay,  
Who knows? but if I would not, then may  
God,

I pray him, send a sudden Angel down  
To seize me by the hair, and bear me far,  
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,  
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

It is after this incident which has startled all souls with the boldness of a parable that

another and altogether different distraction fall upon the society which Arthur had framed to regenerate the world. Ill at ease — can it be doubted? — were Lancelot and Guinevere; reconciled, yet feeling that smart of the past conflict which no reconciliation ever wipes away, and overwhelmed with a sense of the vengeance which must come, however long it may be delayed; and though no other offender in all the glittering splendid multitude that surrounds them can bear the same burden, yet still there is a general flutter of painful thought, such as men and ladies would but too gladly get rid of, or find some passionate outlet for, according to the practical habit of the time. No doubt there had been pilgrimages undertaken, and many a mass sung, nominally for the spotless soul of Elaine, and really for the relief of the uneasy, unaccustomed penitents whom her dead face had startled into thought. It is at this moment that the poet brings in the mystic supplemental narrative of religious disturbance which was wanting to fill up the growing confusion of events and emotions, the Quest of the Holy Grail. The first intimation of this mystery comes through the sister of Sir Percivale, herself a nun. She is safe from the evils of the time in her cloister, and she is holy and pure as ever was cloistered maiden; and yet the breath of evil —

“the slander of the court,

Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,  
And the strange sound of an adulterous race”

reach her in her solitude. She is one of those stainless beings, the dream of the old faith in its earlier times, and its renewed hope in latter days, who dedicate themselves and their pure prayers and innocent life vicariously to make reparation for the wickedness around them. The more these rumors reach her, the more she struggles in fasting and prayer, with all that horror of the real, and that unspeakable longing for miraculous interposition which are at all times natural to cloistered innocence. It is in answer to this longing that her confessor, “a man well-nigh a hundred winters old,” speaks to her of the Holy Grail. It is

“the cup itself from which our Lord  
Drunk at the last sad supper with his own.  
This . . . . . the good saint  
Arimathæan Joseph journeying brought  
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas mindful of our Lord.  
And there awhile it bode; and if a man  
Could touch or see it he was healed at once  
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times  
Grew to such evil that the holy cup  
Was caught away to heaven and disappeared.”

This legend, which has been handed down from our Lord's time “by five or six, and each of them a hundred winters old,” the aged priest tells to the holy maiden with hushed tones and bated breath. He had hoped when Arthur made the Table Round, “and all men's hearts became clean for a season,” that surely the Holy Grail would return; but sin had broken out, and that great hope had been lost with so many others. “Oh, father, might it come to me by prayer and fasting?” cries the nun. Thus a wild hope flashes across the tender ascetic soul — a hope contagious to all generous simple intelligences in a primitive age — to make all well, not in the ordinary human way by repentance and redress, but splendidly by a miracle which shall heal and set right whether men will it or no. The holy maid, possessed with this sudden hope, rushes after it by that way of self-mortification which is the only manner of the Quest possible to her, and fasts and prays till the sun shines and the wind blows through her, so worn is her visible frame with the eagerness of her soul. Then the narrative proceeds. Her brother, Sir Percivale, years after in the convent to which he too has retired, tells the tale: —

“For on a day she sent to speak with me,  
And when she came to speak, behold her eyes  
Beyond my knowing of them beautiful,  
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,  
Beautiful in the light of holiness.  
And ‘O, my brother, Percivale,’ she said,  
‘Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail:  
For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound  
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills  
Blown, and I thought, “It is not Arthur's use  
To hunt by moonlight;” and the slender  
sound

As from a distance beyond distance grew  
Coming upon me — O never harp nor horn,  
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with  
hand,

Was like that music as it came; and then  
Streamed thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,  
Rose red with beatings in it, as if alive,  
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed  
With rosy colours leaping on the wall;  
And then the music faded, and the Grail  
Pass'd, and the beam decay'd, and from the  
walls

The rosy quiverings died into the night.  
So now the Holy Thing is here again  
Among us, brother, fast thou too and pray,  
And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,  
That so perchance the vision may be seen  
By thee and those, and all the world be  
heal'd.”

This wonderful tale falls upon fit ears. Sir Percivale is of the flower of Arthur's

court. He is called the pure, by distinction in a society where purity is still theoretically held in the highest honour; and the suggestion sets his heart aflame. He leaves his sister full of solemn ardour, and spreads the awe-inspiring news abroad. "Myself," he says,

"fasted and prayed  
Always, and many among us many a week  
Fasted and prayed even to the uttermost,  
Expectant of the wonder that would be."

One day when this solemn expectation and hope is in all their minds, when Arthur is absent, and the restraint of common life and higher judgment removed — into the midst of those knights stained in secret, who are pricked to the heart for their sin, and those unsullied brethren upon whom the sense of wickedness about them lies heavy — there comes a sudden gleam of visionary light. In this chapter of the drama it will be perceived that all the chief personages of the tale are relegated to a secondary place. Into the central light comes forward the inspired nun in her cloister, and the miraculous boy-knight, Sir Galahad, emblems of absolute purity, innocence, and ignorance of all the world's complex and gloomy ways. Nowhere has the poet shown a more true insight into nature, and nowhere has he disclosed more clearly that his poetry is of the nineteenth and not of the sixth century. In such a sudden wild religious hope, not Arthur, not Lancelot, can be the leader; though Lancelot, in his despair, is swept into it, as he might be into any means possible or impossible, of escaping from himself and his sin. But it is the Maiden who leads the way. It is Innocence, all ardent and fearless, knowing no impossibilities, which springs by right of nature into the first place. Galahad, he who had been knighted younger than any knight was ever known to be before, who was beautiful as an angel and as pure, who moved among the courtiers in white armour — emblem of his spotlessness — and to whom the nun had sent a sword-belt woven of her own hair, consecrating him to this mission, he it is who moves the unseen and calls forth a response. He places himself in Merlin's chair, in the Siege Perilous, of which it has been foretold that "no man could sit but he should lose himself." "If I lose myself I save myself," cries the young Galahad, daring as none other dare. It was on a summer night, when all the Table Round was thrilling with that sense of the conflict between good and evil, that secret consciousness of failure in themselves, and wavering between despair and a wild miraculous

hope. Arthur was absent, doing his manifold serious duty; there was no restraint upon their wild impulses, no one even to cast a subduing glance of serious wonder upon any straining after a desperate deliverance. At this moment the vision came:

"And all at once, as there we sat, we heard  
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,  
And rending, and a blast, and overhead  
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.  
And in the blast there smote along the hall  
A beam of light seven times more clear than  
day;

And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,  
And none might see who bare it, and it past.  
But every knight beheld his fellow's face  
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,  
And staring each at other like dumb men  
Stood, till I found a voice and swore a vow.  
I swore a vow before them all, that I,  
Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride  
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it  
Until I found and saw it, as the nun  
My sister saw it; and Galahad swore the vow,  
And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's cousin,  
swore,  
And Lancelot swore, and many among the  
knights,  
And Gawain swore, and louder than the rest."

The hall is still full of this tumult and agitation when Arthur and his followers, soiled with travel and fight, come suddenly upon the scene. When he hears the cause of the excitement his face darkens. "Woe is me, my knights!" he cries; "Had I been here, ye had not sworn this vow." It is impossible not to feel that a certain half shame, as of penitent schoolboys, steals over the abashed knights as they are obliged to answer one by one that they have seen nothing but a light, and do not even know what it is which they have solemnly bound themselves to follow. While he asks, one voice of a sudden rings through the hall, the voice of Galahad, "But I saw the Holy Grail," cries the angel knight:—

"I saw the Holy Grail, and heard a cry,  
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.  
'Ah Galahad, Galahad!' said the king, 'for  
such

As thou art is the vision, not for these,  
Thy holy nun and thou have seen a sign,  
A sign to main this order I have made."

"Are ye all Galahads," Arthur goes on, with indignant mournful eloquence, "or even Percivales?" and points out to them with an energy which we find in him for the first time, how duty and loyal service must be neglected for this wild enterprise. They are all men "with strength and will to right the wronged," strong for many noble

uses, though not of mystic purity or insight.  
 "Go," he adds, grieved and reproving:—

"Go, since your vows are sacred, being made;  
 Yet—for ye know the cries of all my realm  
 Pass thro' this hall—how often, oh my  
 knights,  
 Your places being vacant at my side,  
 This chance of noble deeds will come and go  
 Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering  
 fires,  
 Lost in the quagmire."

Never up to this moment has Arthur shown himself so kingly. No doubt it is part of the poet's purpose to show how every evil, except the one incredible evil which is beyond remedy, should be apparent to the leader who is statesman as well as knight. He is grieved beyond measure by this outburst of high-toned unreason. It is as if heaven itself had conspired against the Round Table, the brotherhood whose union and constant presence for the service of the State was the very secret of its strength. And we cannot but feel that the hero is treated with a certain injustice, when, so clear-sighted to every other danger, he is represented as utterly unconscious of the master-evil which is eating at the root of all his greatness. It is fit and right that the magnanimous Arthur should entertain no shadow of suspicion of his wife or his friend; but yet some mist of dolorous uncertainty must have come upon a soul so finely tempered, some consciousness of unknown evil. "He never cared for me," is the passionate cry of Guinevere, resenting his absence of suspicion as an absolute sin against her; and to some extent Guinevere is right. The Arthur whom Mr. Tennyson means us to receive as the central figure in his poem must have been moved by some tragic sense of secret evil about him. Thinking no evil, he must still have felt the mist that had crept over the face of the earth, stealing between him and his wife, between him and his friend, between him and all the lesser brotherhood who looked on, and whispered and wondered, and knew more than he. Such a man in such a position would be like a blind man among the seeing—with a certain piteous sense about him of something lacking, a subtle consciousness of failure all the more bewildering and desolate that his higher nature made him utterly impervious to suspicion as to how it came. That Arthur does not feel this is the defect in him; it is this which lessens our sympathy, and draws our eye away from him to the mournful figure of Lancelot. Arthur does not even per-

ceive the something nobler than mere imitation of Galahad and Percivale which, all inarticulate and but half-conscious, moves the inmost hearts of the simple knights who hang their mailed heads at his reproof. He does not see the sick longing for escape, for any mystic deliverance, at the best for some violent demonstration of a desire for better things, which has had a share in their sudden vow. In short, he regards it more as a chief, a statesman who sees his power suddenly infringed and his plans interfered with, than as a man. He is vexed, grieved, disapproving, prophetic of evil—"Many of you, yea most, return no more," he says, with melancholy insight. It is to him the sign which will main his Order, and not one of the results of still greater signs which have sapped its very root.

Very different is the attitude of Lancelot. He is moved, like his brethren, by the sudden mysterious impulse—like them, and not like them, for his is the sharper spur of personal despair. His sin has made him indifferent to almost everything that can befall him in the world. Death or life are little to him; he has done his best and his worst, and existence has nothing in it that can charm him out of the sorrow and the languor in which all his faculties are bound. But the story of the Grail and that mysterious gleam of light it threw, flashes upon his melancholy a sudden delirious hope. How it caught him, inspired him, dispersed the sloth of despair which was creeping over his nature, and finally crazed him with the tumult of contending good and evil, he thus himself describes:—

" . . . in me lived a sin  
 So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,  
 Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung  
 Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower  
 And poisonous grew together, each as each,  
 Not to be plucked asunder; and when thy  
 knights  
 Swore, I swore with them only in the hope  
 That could I touch or see the Holy Grail  
 They might be plucked asunder. Then I spake  
 To one most holy saint, who wept and said,  
 That save they could be pluck'd asunder, all  
 My quest were but in vain; to whom I vow'd  
 That I would work according as he will'd.  
 And forth I went, and while I yearn'd and  
 strove  
 To tear the twain asunder in my heart  
 My madness came upon me as of old,  
 And whipt me into waste fields far away."

The madness of Lancelot dies away into calm when he finds himself driven out upon the wild sea and reaches the castle of Carbonek, in which all that his polluted eyes

can see, is to be shown to him. But his story is not told until the quest has been fulfilled, and a remnant—"but a tithe"—of those who had gone upon this mystic adventure return, and stand wasted and worn before the King. Only three have seen the sacred object of their search. Sir Galahad, who has disappeared into the unknown, and has been crowned "king in the spiritual city;" Sir Percivale, who, as he tells his visions, in the same breath announces to Arthur his determination to retire from the Order and the world into a monastery; and Sir Bors, the honest, loyal, kind, unselfish, and undistinguished knight, who had scarcely hoped to see anything, and whose humility cannot give any account of what he saw. "Ask me not, for I may not speak of it," he says with the tears in his eyes. Arthur listens sadly to the report of each. He counts his losses with all a captain's despondency at the vacant places on the roll. He has no further reproofs to give, for nothing now can mend the harm. He has heard all before he returns to Lancelot, in whose sad eyes there still gleams something of "the dying fire of madness;" he is the last to tell his fortunes. When the King asks him, "My Lancelot, my friend, . . . hath this quest, availed for thee?" he starts from a reverie still more dark and heavy than his former melancholy. And this is what he saw when his delirium had passed from him, and the perpetual struggle had been for the moment stilled in his wounded breast:—

"At the last I reach'd a door,  
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,  
'Glory and joy and honour to our Lord  
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail.'  
Then in my madness I essay'd the door;  
It gave; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat  
As from a seventimes-heated furnace, I,  
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,  
With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away—  
O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,  
All pall'd in crimson samite, and around  
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes,  
And but for all my madness and my sin,  
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw  
That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd  
And cover'd; and this quest was not for me."

When these melancholy words have ended the tragic tale which is already to be read so fully in the worn faces and haggard looks of that remnant of unsuccessful knights, Arthur, looking around him, with a grief not unmixed with bitterness, addresses the diminished Order. "Was I too dark a prophet?" he asks. The "wandering fires" have been followed, and this is the issue. Scarce a tithe have returned at all, and of

those who have seen it, two at least are lost to all further knightly service. One of them—

"hath beheld it afar off,  
And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,  
Cares but to pass into the silent life.  
And one hath had the vision face to face,  
And now his chair desires him here in vain  
However they may crown him elsewhere."

This is the result. It has but detached the visionaries from the world which has need of them, and absorbed back into heaven the elevating, purifying influence which they can exert upon ordinary life, but has not encouraged the trembling, or brought peace to the tempest-tost. Yet so strong in all—both in the guilty and the pure—is the religious sense, that Arthur feels it necessary to explain even to the disappointed remnant his apparent insensibility to the holy enterprise. The shadow by this time has invaded his own soul, so long and cheerfully closed against every evil impression. He speaks with the grieved self-restraint of a man who feels that his authority is diminished, and his power tottering. The time of hope—the time of certainty is over. Chimeras and wandering fires have drawn his followers aside from simple duty and steadfast service: and a certain lofty despondency and sense that he must remain at his post to the last, breathes in all he says.

"Some among you held, that if the King  
Had seen the sight he would have sworn the  
vow;

Not easily, seeing that the King must guard  
That which he rules, and is but as the hind  
To whom a space of land is given to plough,  
Who may not wander from the allotted field,  
Before his work be done; but, being done,  
Let visions of the night or of the day  
Come, as they will; and many a time they come,  
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,  
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,  
This air that smites his forehead is not air,  
But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—  
In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
And knows himself no vision to himself,  
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One  
Who rose again; ye have seen what ye have  
seen."

Thus we have come to a crisis all but final in the saddening story. The mysterious sudden hope of a miraculous redemption has failed. The best have been weeded out of the sinking mass—taken from the evil to come. Lancelot the chief of all sinners and sufferers has returned, still dragging his lengthened chain, neither freed by his lady, nor by his own fierce conflict, nor even by God, to whom he has madly re-

sorted, hoping, in desperation, for the wild aid of miracle. Thus, the last hope is over, and everything is tending slowly and surely towards the final catastrophe. But still there is outward peace, and still the jousts go on, and ladies smile from the galleries, and the knights tilt in the meadow, and all is fair above, though dark below. In this pause of fate, the poet leads us away suddenly into the sylvan depths of the Forest of Dean, to see — is it a sweet idyllic break upon the tragic tale? is it another mystic typical chapter in the fatal history? There is a young knight resting on a slope "whereon a hundred stately beeches grow," and dreaming in "the green-glooming twilight of the grove" the cherished dreams of youth. He is young, not even yet knighted, but on his way to Arthur's court to claim that honour; and still his dreaming fancy is free; "he loved all maidens, but no maid, in special;" and wooed to him, in his young chivalrous imagination, the lady of his dreams. "Where?" he whispers to himself: —

"Oh where? I love thee though I know thee not,

For fair art thou and pure as Guinevere,  
And I will make thee with my spear and sword

As famous — oh, my queen, my Guinevere,  
For I will be thine Arthur when we meet."

While the youth thus muses to himself, a sudden bright group becomes visible enshrined in the greenness of the wood. It is the Lady Ettarre and her retinue going to Caerleon to the tilting, and they have lost their way. Young Pelleas rises dazzled and abashed from the shade to offer himself as their guide. "Is Guinevere herself as beautiful?" he asks, as he gazes at the new comer. He is her slave before they reach the city, where a great tournament is about to be held, for the prize of a sword, and a golden circlet to be bestowed by the victor upon whom he loves. Ettarre, to whom the boy's young love is a weariness, craftily bethinks herself that he is strong and full of passion, and as likely as not to win this great distinction for her — and therefore with all her lady wiles, she flatters the adoring boy. Here as by chance comes in a sudden glimpse of the scenes and society with which we are so familiar, in all the pomp and glory of apparent solidity, as if they would never perish, though we know it wants but a word, the pointing of a finger — and half the multitude could speak that word or point that finger at any moment — to crumble the whole pageant into dust. "Down in the flat field by the shores of Usk" were the jousts —

"the gilded parapets were crowned  
With faces, and the great towers filled with eyes,

Up to the summit, and the trumpets blew."

Of all the crowd the happiest was the young Pelleas, holding the field against all comers. To him everything he saw was real — all steadfast, sure, and fast as the foundation of the earth.

"Oh, happy world," said Pelleas, "all, me-  
seems,

Are happy, I the happiest of them all."

For his lady had accepted his love; and she was beautiful and pure as Guinevere; and Guinevere as pure as heaven; and Arthur a leader worshipped —

"Whose lightest whispers moved him more  
Than all the ranged reasons of the world;"

and every lady was spotless, and every knight true. In this bright mood the young knight fought and won the prize. But he had no sooner accomplished her desire than Ettarre changed to him. She had all she wanted from her too tender worshipper. She scoffed at him as they went back again riding through the wood where they had met — she, with her gold circlet safe, and the shouts which had hailed her Queen of Beauty, still ringing in her ears — "I cannot bide Sir Baby," she cries to her damsels as the youth follows her with adoring looks. Pelleas is very hard to be deceived. Doubt is almost as impossible to him as to Arthur. He cannot realize her frailty and falsehood, but suffers a hundred indignities without a word, wondering, content to believe it is her pleasure, concluding that it must be for the trial of his faith — anything rather than that she is less than his dream of perfection. So little has he benefited by his first lesson, sharp as it has been, that he trusts Sir Gawain at his first word, when that gay knight riding by, offers to win Ettarre's love back to him. It is only when, surprised by long silence and the yearning of his heart, Pelleas makes his way into the castle, and finds how his brother in arms and the lady of his love have wronged him, that sudden sharp conviction comes to his soul. The youth, maddened by the sight, lays his naked sword across their throats as they sleep, and rushes forth frantic into the night. He springs on his horse and rides wildly, not knowing where he goes, by times raving in his misery, by times falling silent in an anguish too great to bear. The pillars of the earth have begun to crumble; he is mad with the sudden overthrow of his first great creed, belief in the woman he loved. When morn-

ing comes, the poor youth, broken by passion and fatigue, drops from his weary horse, and casts himself down in the courtyard of the convent where Sir Percivale has retired from the world. Here is the awful discovery, completing the ruin of his mind, to which he wakes:—

"He woke, and being ware of some one nigh,  
Sent hands upon him, as to tear him, crying,  
'False! and I held thee pure as Guinevere.'

But Percivale stood near him and replied,  
'Am I but false as Guinevere is pure?  
Or art thou mazed with dreams? or being one  
Of our free-spoken Table, hast not heard  
That Lancelot'—there he check'd himself  
and paused.

Then fared it with Sir Pelleas as with one  
Who gets a wound in battle, and the sword  
That made it plunges thro' the wound again,  
And pricks it deeper; and he shrank and  
wail'd,

'Is the Queen false?' and Percivale was  
mute.

'Have any of our Round Table held their  
vows?'

And Percivale made answer not a word.

'Is the King true?' 'The King!' said Percivale.

'Why then, let men couple at once with  
wolves,

What! art thou mad?'

But Pelleas, leaping up,  
Ran through the doors and vaulted on his  
horse  
And fled . . ."

His second wild course is directed to Camelot, with what aimless impulse of vengeance he himself knows not. On the way he meets Lancelot, and challenges him. "What name hast thou?" asked the astonished hero, startled to see the youth ride at him.

"'I have no name' he shouted; 'a scourge  
am I

To lash the treason of the Table Round.'

'Yea, but thy name?' 'I have many  
names' he cried,

'I am wrath and shame and hate and evil  
fame,

And like a poisonous wind I pass to blast  
and blaze the crime of Lancelot and the  
Queen.'"

Then there follows a brief passage of arms, in which the weary maddened boy is overthrown but spared. But such a haggard messenger with such a voice is not to be lightly left to carry his mad revelation through the country. Lancelot, struck with the sudden sharp alarm of a presentiment, turns back. He had come out of the city "riding airily," light-hearted, as men so often are just before the first heavings of

the earthquake. But now he retraces his steps with a disturbed heart.

"And Lancelot slowly rode his war-horse back  
To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief while  
Caught his unbroken limbs from the dark  
field,

And follow'd to the city. It chanced that  
both

Brake into hall together, worn and pale.  
There with her knights and dames was Guinevere.

Full wonderingly she gazed on Lancelot  
So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas, him  
Who had not greeted her, but cast himself  
Down on a bench, hard-breathing. 'Have  
ye fought?'

She ask'd of Lancelot: 'Ay! my Queen!' he  
said.

'And thou hast overthrown him?' 'Ay,  
my Queen.'

Then she, turning to Pelleas, 'O young  
knight,

Hath the great heart of knighthood in thee  
fail'd

So far thou canst not bide, unfrowardly,  
A fall from him?' Then, for he answer'd  
not,

'Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the Queen,  
May help them, loose thy tongue, and let me  
know!'

But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce  
She quailed; and he hissing 'I have no  
sword.'

Sprang from the door into the dark. The  
Queen

Look'd hard upon her lover, he on her;  
And each foresaw the dolorous day to be;  
And all talk died, as in a grove all song  
Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey.  
Then a long silence came upon the hall,  
And Modred thought, 'The time is hard at  
hand.'"

This is the last, or all but the last, of the new poems with which Mr. Tennyson has filled up the outlines of his tragedy; and it leads us, as by a significant preface full of power and meaning, to the last act—the catastrophe of Guinevere. The madman disappears with his wild words unrepented, and for a moment all is still again, and the dread has passed. But stealthy Modred has felt, like his victims, that the hour had come. In his case it is the ripening of his ambitious schemes that point the moment; in theirs the intolerable sense of approaching fate and that gnawing remorse and despair which can no longer be dissembled. Danger and shame are in the air that blows about them, in every whisper that runs through the echoing palace, and stealthy footfall on the marble stairs. The pageants and pomp and all the splendid show of the court are unbearable to the guilty Queen with her secret in her breast. She too has

begun to feel the misery which for so long has consumed her lover. Long they postpone the inevitable parting. At last "they were agreed upon a night . . . to meet and part forever." For this night too Modred fixes his plan; and just as their sin is about to be ended for ever, as they sit "stammering and staring" in "a madness of farewells," the long-deferred vengeance breaks upon them. All this that has been brewing so long, that another hour would have made impossible, is done in a moment with the swiftness of fate. They are just about to tear themselves apart, to make their own conclusion in anguish and silence, and deliver each other, when Modred's cry breaks upon their ears, and all hope, all stealth, all the long awful bondage of the secret is ended; and with it Arthur's peace and honour, and the bond that has held together the Round Table, and the unity and safety of the kingdom, and a hundred false things which up to this moment have been made to look true. When Lancelot comes back to her after he has dashed the traitor from the doors, in the awful stillness that succeeds to the discovery a sudden change has come upon the scene. While hope and life still existed the eyes might be dim and the voice inarticulate with passion; but life and hope are over, and all those warm mists have been swept away in an instant. The calmness of death is upon them. "Fly to my strong castle overseas," he cries, as they take counsel together in this terrible strait. "Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells," says Guinevere. She too is a free woman, freed as by death; and a glimmer of natural nobleness reappears in the tragic sin-stained creature, to whom in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye—sin, like hope and every other faculty of life, has become impossible. "I will draw me into sanctuary, and bide my doom," she says, in this new calm. Out of her palace, which is hers no longer, she goes forth into the night like a ghost.

"So Lancelot got her horse,  
Set her thereon and mounted on his own,  
And thus they rode to the divided way,  
Then kissed and parted weeping; for he past  
Love-loyal to the last wish of the Queen,  
Back to his land; but she to Almesbury  
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and  
weald."

There is something significant even in the small place accorded to the traitor in this story of doom. He is no laggard bringing about the catastrophe—he is but the match which lights the long-smouldering, long-prepared train. His character is of no moment to the tragedy. His aim to

usurp Arthur's crown does but furnish him with a motive for making this deadliest breach in the brotherhood of knights. But the reader is aware that the breach might have been made all along by many another hand; and that except such young enthusiasts as the boy Pelleas, there is only Arthur who is totally unaware of his domestic curse. All has been ready and waiting for the revelation—the smouldering fire has been on the point of bursting out for long—all nature has been watching, listening, for the wild explosion. It is no wonder, but almost a relief to the pent-up excitement of the situation, to know that at last it has come.

We have not space, nor is it necessary, to go over the last wonderful scene of the "Idylls of the Table Round,"—the picture of the despairing Queen at Almesbury, the little maid who maddens her with childish innocent babble, and the last interview between Arthur and his shamed and ruined wife. We have been too long acquainted with that poignant meeting to require to be reminded of it. Much has been said about the monologue of the King, its length and didactic character; but yet we believe few readers, keeping the thread of the story in hand, will read that utterance of the hero's broken yet steadfast heart with much inclination to be critical. In such a position, at such a moment, with no one to answer him, a man, if he speaks at all, will say much, and much that is not very relevant. Strong personal anguish is often didactic in its pathetic, half-conscious self-explanations, self-defences. He tells her of his purpose which she has foiled, of his hopes which she has crushed. "The loathsome opposite of all my heart had destined" has come to pass, "and all through thee!" Or rather he says this over her prostrate head, wandering into little outbursts of his favourite theories, making piteous solemn assertions of his great meaning with something of the incoherence of the dying mingled in the hush of his despair. The very formality of the speech is part of the final strain of faculty, this utterance as from a deathbed. He is addressing no one—not Guinevere; perhaps a visionary world around him, perhaps some woeful image of himself, across the ruin she has made. His voice is "monotonous and hollow like a ghost's." Possibility is over for her, for him, for all things. One scene dawning ghostlike out of the future, like a dream of the dying, has still to be gone through. Arthur has been conquered by the powers of darkness; by the two human creatures he loved best; they have put their feet upon his proud neck and crushed

his heart and his hopes. But vulgar rebellion shall not conquer him. That last fight with all the hosts of hell still remains; and then the world must come to an end.

And so it does. Mr. Tennyson has not produced anything more powerful than the dark picture of that last battle—all drawn in sombre lines of black and grey, on a background of mist and cloud, which he has prefixed to the well-known poem of the *Morte d'Arthur*, making of it, under the title of the *Passing of Arthur*, the final chapter in the drama. It is Arthur's last struggle against all the wild shapes of anarchy and lawlessness which he had hoped to subdue for ever. They come surging up against him on every wind, from every side, as soon as the screening walls of his dishonoured house are thrown down, and its damning secret blazed abroad. Still hopeless, sick to death, with all desire for life, and thought of renewal perished within him, Arthur must yet vindicate his own work and name in its ending. It is "far other" than any former fight. Victory is death, but downfall is impossible.

"Ill doom is mine

To war against my people and my knights.  
The king who fights his people fights himself;  
And they my knights who loved me once, the  
stroke

That strikes them dead is as my death to me,"

he says sadly, as he marches to his last battle.

"On the waste sand by the waste sea they  
closed,

Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight  
Like that last, dim, weird battle of the west.  
A death-like mist slept over sand and sea;  
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it,  
drew

Down with his blood, till all his heart was  
cold

With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell  
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,  
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,  
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he  
slew;

And some had visions out of golden youth,  
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts  
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist  
Was many a noble deed, many a base,  
And chance, and craft, and strength, in single  
fights,

And ever and anon with host to host  
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard  
mail hewn,

Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands,  
the crash

Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks  
After the Christ, of those who falling down  
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist:

And shouts of heathen and the traitor  
knights,  
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,  
Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the  
lungs

In that close mist, and cryings for the light  
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wall  
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death  
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,  
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,  
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day  
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came  
A bitter wind, clean from the north, and blew  
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide  
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the  
field

Of battle; but no man was moving there;  
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,  
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave  
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro  
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and  
down

Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,  
And shiver'd brands that once had fought  
with Rome,

And rolling far along the gloomy shores  
The voice of days of old and days to be."

It is the end of all things which is thus set before us—the conclusion, not of a single existence, but of a world; a grand melancholy winding-up of human effort, and passive triumph of the older elements, the negations that are ever ready to close over the termination of life. Arthur's attempt to bring light out of darkness, and harmony out of chaos, his reign of truth among the embodied falsehoods, his fond imagination of the spotless love and loyalty, have all been vanquished by the old perennial forms of error. But he himself is not vanquished. When he gives up his sword by the hands of Bedivere to the unseen powers who trusted him with that matchless weapon, he gives it up spotless, stained by no cruelty—a blade which has never stricken treacherous blow, or failed when wrong was to be redressed. His work is destroyed, but Arthur is not destroyed—for none but himself could ruin the stainless knight and perfect man. Wounded to death both in body and in heart, he is placed in that black barge, "dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stem," and glides away over the level lake under "the long glories of the winter moon." Whither? To be king among the dead, as his last follower marvels in woe and wonder, or to come again?

In all that has been said we have made no attempt to select either from the new volume or from the "Idylls of the King" any of those finer passages which catch the

general fancy, and become the current coin of criticism. Mr. Tennyson has been too much treated in this fragmentary manner, and our aim has been rather to set before the reader the great drama which he has told in his own individual fashion, but which is not less a tragedy than *Hamlet* or *Lear*, with one great leading interest and plan of action. The superficial aspect of a group of independent narratives which it has pleased the poet to give to his most important work, especially demands this leisurely and respectful study to grasp the general plan of the poem. The more it is studied the more manifest it will be that every part of it has been composed with careful reference to the leading conception, and that those individual portions which throw but broken lights when taken by themselves, become full of force and significance when considered in their relation to the rest. Nothing more grand or perfect exists in modern poetry than the plan of this tragedy. Mr. Tennyson found a certain shadow of Arthur made ready to his hand, and he found almost complete the stories of Enid and Elaine and Vivien, and the master-tale of Lancelot and Guinevere. But into these antique bodies he has breathed a soul of meaning which they did not possess by right of nature. He has given to Arthur's enterprise a grandeur and conscious elevation of purpose, such as the old chroniclers knew not of; and he has woven into such solemnity of fate as no mediæval writer would have conceived, the too common tale of the unfaithful wife. We cannot remember any parallel in modern poetry to the wonderful moral meaning of the drama. The utter confusion which one secret sin introduces into a court and kingdom, and the effect of its unseen unsuspected influence upon places and persons not immediately connected with it; its subtle workings upon the common mind, its still more subtle invisible draining of all its strength and efficacy out of the most heroic exertions; its own damning force and vigour, flourishing where everything else fades, have never been more forcibly, more pitilessly represented; and yet we do not hate even the immediate culprits. Lancelot is no less a hero, and a noble one, because his ill-doing has so awful a power and punishment; and even Guinevere rises to a certain grandeur when the finger of fate touches her. In the wild chaos of her false position, in her petulance and passion, her gusts of sudden jealousy and causeless suspicion, we cannot altogether withdraw our regard from the guilty Queen. Yet what havoc, what destruction her sin works! not Helen, fatal as was her beauty, proved

more baleful. Helen destroyed only Troy, but Guinevere is the destroyer of a Christian enterprise, burying in dismay and downfall one of the grandest attempts ever made for the reconstruction of a spiritual kingdom. Her character is, perhaps, the most slightly drawn in the whole poem; yet how she rises before us in her splendid beauty—wilful, impetuous, self-indulgent—yet full of courtesy and grace, and when she pleases of self-control also; not without a sense in her of the greatness of the work which she is marring; not without a bitter consciousness of her secret humiliation and the place she has lost; but yet too proud, too passionate, too resolute to yield even to her own compunctions. And opposite to her in this guilty grandeur stands the lily maid, all simple and guileless, most sweet ideal of absolute and visionary youth. Elaine, who will have all or nothing, whom no compromise will satisfy; whose heart flies to the highest point her virgin eyes have ever lighted on, and rests there, come death or life, with a simplicity of devotion which is beyond all force of reason, is the very embodiment of the pure, brave, innocent maiden, without a thought of evil. Shamefaced and shy in her sweetness of youth, she yet gives her heart, and avows it with a tragic simple frankness which no woman yet has ever blamed her with. She is as perfect, as true, as tenderly visionary and real as *Miranda* or *Desdemona*. What she wants in grandeur she makes up in sweetness. These two women, the guilty Queen and the spotless maiden, stand out upon the full and rich background with a reality which, more than any sweet combinations of words, more than any perfection of musical utterance, prove their creator a true poet.

Still more fully is this the case in respect to Lancelot. Arthur is more vague, for reasons which have been already specified; and we are willing to allow that in Arthur is the weak point of the poem. His is not a character which can be brought before us by a few bold touches like that of Guinevere; he is too much described, too much commended through the whole course of the drama; and there is a certain lack of sympathy in his goodness which repels us. We cannot believe it possible that any mind of the noblest type could have gone on so long unmoved by any sense of the secret pollution by his side. He must have felt it however he shut his heart against suspicion; yet he does not appear to have felt it; a fact which makes us a little impatient of him till despair approaches him with her chill touch, and the man grows great in her

ghastly illumination. But only a great poet could have drawn so noble a conception as that of Lancelot from the homely indications of the romancers, the simple frank tales in which he had his first beginning. No mediæval minstrel ever dreamt of a soul so complex, yet so simple, of the nobleness so mixed with the guilt, and yet so noble through it. Such an idea is far beyond the grasp of the French romance writers, or any of their imitators. It is en-

tirely original, as much so as if the name had never before appeared in literature. And, we repeat, could every melodious line Mr. Tennyson has ever written be destroyed, and just enough left to show in the barest way the group of Lancelot, Guinevere, and Elaine, we should be ready on this foundation to hand down his fame to posterity, doubting nothing. The creator of three such human creatures could not be less than a master of his art.

### THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

#### A PECULIAR PEOPLE OF LONDON.

IN London there is a sect called the Plymouth Brethren, so called because they originated in Plymouth, though Dublin also claims to be their starting point. They have three places of meeting in London. A reporter of the *Daily Telegraph* visited one of these, and thus describes what he saw :

"The room, which is a moderate-sized school, was filled with a congregation, of evident *habitués*, a very small portion at the back being railed off 'for those not in communion.' The service consisted principally of the singing of a large number of hymns, without instrumental accompaniment of any kind, and the reading of Scripture. There is nothing in the shape of pulpit or reading-desk, nor any person occupying the position of minister or president. There was, I suppose, some preconcerted arrangement as to who should read, pray, or give out the hymn; but, to an outsider, it appeared that any of the brethren took part without premeditation. Between each portion of the service there was a long pause of several minutes, during which the congregation sat with eyes closed, seemingly engaged in private prayer. The special object of the morning assembly was the 'breaking of bread.' This was done in the most homely manner possible. Several loaves of home-made bread were placed, in common plates, on a table in the centre of the room, divided into quarters, and passed round the benches; each member helped himself or herself to a portion, literally 'breaking it off the quarter loaf. The wine passed round in like manner, in large common tumblers, the administration of each element being preceded by prayer. It was a simple ceremony; but the idea could not fail to strike one that its very homeliness made it a closer representation of the original supper in the long upper room and the daily bread-breakings of apostles than the gorgeous mass with all its sensuous adjuncts. After the communion—as I suppose one may term it—followed another hymn, sung to the tune of 'God Save the Queen.' With this I imagined the proceedings would have closed, as I had been told there would be no sermon; but a

sort of *sermonette* was introduced, it seemed—and, I believe, really was—on the spur of the moment. It was delivered by a very humble brother indeed, in homely and not always accurate English; but he displayed minute knowledge of Scripture, and was intensely earnest—as indeed the whole service had been—consisting, I am sure, as the preacher kept telling us, of 'thought that had been pressing in upon his own soul.' The two concluding prayers were offered by gentlemen of a very different mental calibre; and the congregation evidently numbered many persons of position and education. The names of 'intending and accepted brethren' were then read, together with one who 'sought restoration,' and another who proposed to take to himself a sister; and so the proceedings terminated, without, as will be evident, anything having transpired to inform one as to the special doctrines of the body. As I emerged from the Priory I saw the congregation coming out of Unity Church, Upper street, where Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen had been enlightening the Unitarians on the doctrines of the Brama Somaj; whilst, a little lower down, another was beginning to besiege the doors of the Agricultural Hall, where Ned Wright was to preach to the workman. *Quot homines tot sententiæ.* There exists a schism from this body, occupying a position sufficiently important to justify a place in these papers; and the delineation of the offshoot will serve to bring into greater prominence still the distinguishing doctrines of the parent stock.

N. Y. Evening Post.

"THE custom of 'Tabu,' called here 'pomali,' is very general, fruit-trees, houses, crops, and property of all kinds being protected from depredation by this ceremony, the reverence for which is very great. A palm branch stuck across an open door, showing that the house is taboed, is a more effectual guard against robbing than any amount of locks and bars."

J. C. G.

New University Club.

Notes and Queries.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. HEMPRIGGE SACRIFICES HIS CAREER  
TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

FATE and Time weave each little incident of our lives in webs so complex that it is given to nothing short of omniscience to disentangle the minutest portion of individual threads. If Helen's nurse had dropped her in infancy, picking the child up with injured spine and fractured nose, what woes unnumbered would have been spared the world of her time. Paris would have travelled untempted, and Priam might have died happy. Trojan chiefs and Grecian heroes would have sunk unsung into forgotten graves; but we should never have been shocked with the crimes of Clytemnestra, or seen the Furies dogging the heels of Orestes. It was Helen's smiles drew Dido's tears. Her beauty seated the mistress of the world on the Seven Hills, wrote the history and raised the monuments that hallow the Eternal City, dowering it with its precious legacy of associations and ruins. So to this day Helen makes the fortunes of hotel-keepers and cicerones, and sends on their pilgrimage the hundreds of English families who wintery cluster themselves below the Pincian. If Buonaparte *filis* had been carried off by Corsican malaria, or Buonaparte *père* shot down in Corsican vendetta, what weeping and gnashing of teeth must have been spared the households of the century, what crowds of men who fell in war would have lived in peace, and how much picturesque mediæval architecture would have been spared to cumber the political map and block the march of ideas. If Luther had only seen his vocation in the sword instead of the gown, — but it is idle to multiply instances; and, just as much as Sirens of passions or thunderbolts of war and controversy, does the most insignificant shred of humanity twine itself through the chequered pattern of nobler existences.

A navy, of intelligence something below the brute in the truck he loads, as the *suites* of some pothouse quarrel with a stoker, sends the express his enemy stokes flying off the rails, and precipitates its passengers into eternity or the hospitals. One of them is the great Minister whose hand is extended to pluck the fuse from some great international question pregnant with peril: the bomb explodes, and half a dozen of thrones are shattered into fragments. Another is the savant who carries to his grave the secret that would have been the blessing of unborn generations. The engine-driver leaves a promising young family, and the orphans take to evil courses, the parish, the

prison, and the hulks. The graceful girl, flying townwards full of love and hope, drives her head through the hat-box of the gentleman opposite, mars her beauty, gets jilted, churns all her milk of human kindness into gall, resigns herself to scandal and mischief-making, and dies detested, a soured old maid; while young Briefless, her struggling cousin, retained in that grand breach-of-promise case, makes the soul-stirring appeal to the jury that starts him on his rush to the highest place in his profession. All because Bill, the unlucky stoker, was unhappy in his family circle and preferred the tap-room at the "Railway Whistle" to the domestic hearth, and so a poor labourer's unlucky matrimonial choice may dismember an empire or make a Lord Chief-Justice of England.

And Lucy Winter's likings and Mr. Hemprigge's loves were matters of vital consequence, not only to Hugh Childersleigh and his kinsman George, but, had they only known it, to the numerous and influential shareholders of the *Crédit Foncier* of Turkey; to the clients and connection with whom that great establishment had its dealings at home and abroad; to capitalists who dictated their own terms to European treasuries; to contractors developing the resources of the East with the money of the West; to rayahs scratching long furrows on Bulgarian plains; to peasants grilling over their daily toil under Syrian palms.

With all his natural anxiety to put a period to his fidgiting suspense, in ordinary circumstances our friend Hemprigge was the very last man to snatch at fruit before he was sure it was mellow, to take a leap without looking well where he was likely to land. As we have had occasion to remark, his profound self-admiration did not blind him to the fact that it was not shared by Lucy as he could have desired; and with all his wish to anticipate a fancied rival, he would have been slow to force the running at the risk of being out of the race. It was an object with him, to be sure, the cutting short the idle extravagances his novel *role* of philanthropist involved him in. But he could not but be persuaded that his unassuming charity and unwearying benevolence were the surest allies he had found as yet; and in his appreciation of the benefits of lavish advertizing, of the profits flowing from the puff direct, not even Solomons of the Cosmopolitan Clothes-mart, or Potter of the Essence of Life, were more on a level with the spirit of the times. However, the sagest man proposes in vain, and Hemprigge found his deep-laid plans de-

ranged, his carefully-sorted hand forced and spoiled by the very individual whose unintentional help he and his counsellor Hooker had so confidently counted on.

One day after office-hours he bent his thoughtful way to, 'The Cedars,' his pocket-book bulging with important memoranda relating to the affairs of the Orphanage; his heart glowing with the generous conception that trembled on his lips. He had found by expensive experiences the goddess he worshipped could best be propitiated by gifts, and the richer the presents the warmer the reception. 'To be sure the gifts she was so gracefully grateful for were, so far as she was concerned, vicarious ones: lavished on her *protégées*, and not upon herself. Worse luck, her admirer told himself bitterly. Had it been otherwise, his free charity might have begun and ended in the home he fondly hoped they might one day share. This afternoon, however, saw him in high spirits. For the first time he had thought of appropriating to his own use one of those economically ostentatious ideas so popular among the beneficent; where charity accepts a bill at an indefinitely distant day, scrupulously guarding itself against having to meet it by a long succession of contingencies — an idea by which, in selfish violation of the precept, its rich hand not only takes its left into its confidence, but all the world besides. In short, Mr. Hemprigge went prepared to pledge himself to a donation of 500*l.* to the struggling Hampstead institution, to be forthcoming on the understanding that forty-nine equally noble-hearted individuals should be found to follow his lead and commit themselves to a similar extent.

The servant would inquire if Miss Childersleigh was at home. One of the most unpleasant signs of his suit was that Hemprigge could never force the *consigne* of his idol's gate without a parley; could never flatter himself he stood on the footing of the friend of the family, — with its ladies at least. This time, however, the man quickly returned to beg Mr. Hemprigge to follow him — Miss Childersleigh was at home and would be happy to receive him. As they approached the door of the small drawing-room the rattle of cups told him the ladies were indulging in that unseasonable and unreasonable five-o'clock repast, so endeared to feminine eccentricity by habit and fashion that it swallows down the boiling beverage in the dog-days and fancies it likes it. With all his weaknesses Hemprigge was a rational and intelligent man, but he was a lover too, and, moreover, as we know, not overburdened with scruples in the means he

chose to his ends, so he rather congratulated himself on finding the ladies so snugly and sociably disposed.

He stepped in with a more assured step than usual, a smile of honest satisfaction beaming on his face, and his manner artistically toned down to friendly but respectful familiarity. But he stopped his silky spring involuntarily for a second; it was so often his evil chance to find himself in company other than he bargained for. There was Sir Basil standing cup in hand upon the rug instead of occupying an identical spot on that of "Doodles," as was his methodical custom of an afternoon, and to "Doodles" his smiling guest would have been devoutly glad to have banished him at that moment. And there, in a comfortable arm-chair, rolled up between the fire and the sofa-corner occupied by Maude, lolled Lord Rushbrook, his lordship looking every whit as much at home as Sir Basil.

"Why, Hemprigge," he exclaimed in a voice most cheerily hearty, and almost softened to affection, "what a delightfully unexpected surprise meeting you so shortly after my return, and at 'The Cedars,' too, of all places in the world!" But with all his warmth, his lordship did not raise by an inch the head that rested indolently on the low cushion, did not even uncross his leg or stretch out the hand that played with his teaspoon. Nothing short of the cordiality of the greeting could have carried off the incivility of the studied inaction.

Hemprigge felt it all, and smarted inwardly; indeed, he generally found himself on thorns when in contact with the affable Deputy-Governor, who seemed to know by intuition the secretary's sensitive points, and love to roll himself over them like a sleek cat with its claws out. As he saw him seated there, and heard once more the pleasant tones that always sounded to his fancy so sharp and so mocking, he marvelled how he and Hooker could ever have taken that very one-sided view of things; how they had ever duped themselves to dream of hope and luck in Rushbrook's presence at "The Cedars." Desperate men do catch at straws, but this, he told himself now, was the maddest instance of self-deception. For Hooker to argue so might be all very well: Hooker had neither his brains nor the secret of his relations with his lordship. For himself, when making his silky approaches to Lucy in the neighborhood of the watchful Maude, he always felt like a novice walking the tight rope; but with those mocking eyes of Rushbrook looking on as well, neither brains nor balance-pole could save him from grief. And if the other seriously proposed

making Miss Childersleigh Lady Rushbrook, would he, of all men, if he could help it, tolerate his wife's bosom-friend giving her hand to Mr. Hemprigge? While he was stammering out his broken phrases to the ladies, and words of course to the gentlemen, his active mind was galloping over the ground we have just crossed more deliberately, and his sinking heart told him his cherished hopes were doomed to fatal failure. Yet all the time his stubborn nature sought defiantly to shake off the unwelcome conviction, and he came to a dogged determination to ask the long-considered question, for his own satisfaction, and have the matter settled out of hand and once for all.

"Why, Hemprigge," his lordship went on, rallying him pleasantly, "I have not seen you so absent since the day your zeal sent you on that unlucky business-trip to Killoden. To be sure, by the way, I haven't seen you at all. You look positively ill. You must really take care of yourself. Ah, professional enthusiasm will be the death of you if you don't take care, as I think Hugh Childersleigh warned you that morning in the Highlands. You overdo the interest you take in that fortunate Company of ours. Absolutely you think of nothing else."

"You do Mr. Hemprigge great injustice when you say so," interrupted Maude, good-naturedly coming to her visitor's assistance, who for some reason or other was embarrassed and put out, as she saw. "We have good cause to know he has interest to spare for other things, or the prospects of our orphanage would have looked much blacker than they do."

"Yet that doesn't surprise me at all, I assure you. I have heard of Hemprigge coming to the assistance of orphans and minors too, before now," returned Rushbrook gravely, trying hard, although in vain, to catch the secretary's eye.

"He has done a great deal for ours," pursued Maude, with equal seriousness. "I don't know where we should have been now if he had not put his shoulder to the wheel when things seemed at a standstill. Do you, Lucy?"

"No, indeed!" assented that young lady warmly, detecting the irony in Rushbrook's tone, and feeling for the moment indignant at his injustice. Then, recollecting some obscure intimations of Hemprigge on the occasion of their last interview, she went on: "I have no doubt nothing but his good nature brought him here to-day; some happy idea to help us through our money troubles," and as she looked inquiringly at Hemprigge, he could not help reading

more of encouragement in her looks than he had ever seen there.

Had that unlucky Rushbrook only stayed in Paris, or wherever else he had come from, what innocently unconscious warmth he would have thrown into the explanation of his generous conception. But it would chill the glow of a Howard, and check the charity of a Peabody, to be constrained to talk philanthropy raked by the sardonic grin of a Mephistopheles. However, there was no help for it: as his sarcastic friend had turned up, and apparently with no present intention of departing, it was no use whatever reserving his scheme, so he broached it accordingly, although, perhaps, in a more matter-of-fact manner than he might have done under circumstances more favourable.

"How very thoughtful you are, Mr. Hemprigge," exclaimed Maude, earnestly. "But I feel we are really taking advantage of you, in drawing so heavily on your money and your time for this selfish object of ours. You must have so many others with equal claims."

Lucy's face too had lighted up with hope and pleasure. By a rapid and simple act of mental arithmetic she had made the calculation that Mr. Hemprigge proposed to be their benefactor to the tune of 25,000*l.*, and she felt proportionately grateful.

"With all your other calls," she chimed in, and again her looks fanned Hemprigge's hopes into a flicker. At last she was becoming alive to the existence of the heart she had so persistently refused to believe in, and inclining in her remorse to make atonement for her cold-blooded scepticism.

The gentlemen were less touched with the trait of liberality.

"I don't know where Mr. Hemprigge looks to find those nine-and-forty liberal friends of his," growled Sir Basil. "I may profess to know something of Lombard Street at least, and I greatly question if a single man in it will be disposed to follow him in the list he heads. What we can afford we give and without condition, in our straightforward business-like way."

With all his liking for Hemprigge, Sir Basil had been considerably scandalized at his presumption in coming to Hampstead at all to cap the banker's donation. He was indignant now at this indirect pressure, which might possibly lay him in the long run under further contributions, to the glory of Hemprigge and without any credit to himself. Hemprigge hastened to deprecate the indignation of his honoured host.

"Of course, Sir Basil, Lombard Street, as befits its great position, has done most

liberally — always taking the lead in every generous work. But your unfeeling charity then invites so many appeals, that just because you are always giving you must of necessity set limits to your bounty. Now with us new men it is quite a different thing. I fear," he proceeded, with a charming candour, "I fear the black sheep among us get us an evil reputation if they don't taint the flock. Somehow it is too rarely a man like me gets the chance of helping in a work like this, and I confess it is more seldom still we go out of our way to volunteer. But believe me," he added, turning appealing eyes on Miss Winter, for he saw hers following him with approval — "Believe me, we are not altogether the heathen fellows we seem. I'll do my best at least, to disabuse you by filling up this list from acquaintances of my own. If I fail, all I can say is, I shall be as much surprised as disappointed."

"I really fear you are an optimist, Hemprigge," broke in Rushbrook. "I do indeed. I should be the last man in the world to dash your hopeful enthusiasm, but I must say I can't quite agree with you in this. I see Miss Winter's face fall, and I'm grieved, I'm sure, to disenchant her of the faith in human nature you would teach. But to convince her that I'm honest at least, I'll bet — no, I won't bet on such a subject, and against my wishes too; but I'll gladly promise to come down with a sum of 500*l.*, or, say, a couple of them, when you have received the other seven-and-forty."

"I am quite sure you would never have made the offer, my lord, were you not in your heart as hopeful as Mr. Hemprigge;" and there was so much good faith in the beaming smile with which Maude accompanied the words, that, in spite of himself he blushed guiltily, and looked nearly as much put out as Hemprigge had done the moment before.

That gentleman, quick to remark the enemy's confusion, and a good deal cheered by it, had produced his memorandum-book again, and was making an entry in it in a most matter-of-fact manner. "We shall claim your liberal promise before long, my lord," he said, with a confidence of manner that answered its purpose in imposing on the ladies; and then he naturally turned the conversation on the charity and its prospects. Rushbrook, on his best behaviour, carefully avoided any levity of tone, although he sat listening to the Honorary Secretary of the Orphanage with signs of growing impatience. Sir Basil had set down his cup and buried himself in the columns of the evening paper.

Rushbrook, indeed, had had more than enough of it. His colleague's talk moved him in a way very unusual to him. "Confound the fellow!" he muttered; "he's got through the business that brought him here; he's humbugged these girls more than enough; why can't he take himself off?"

But Hemprigge had no idea of taking himself off just then, if he could help it; and although the presence of his lordship disconcerted him not a little, he had defiantly made up his mind it should not disturb his combinations. Although his agreeable conversation did not show a trace of impatience, yet his eye kept nervously glancing at the clock, watching the hands slowly working themselves round towards the hour that usually brought the appearance of the methodical Purkiss. Purkiss knew of his friend's intended visit and had given him assurance of coming to his aid. Hemprigge fully meant to be asked to stay to dinner; but Sir Basil evidently had no intention of doing it, and he greatly doubted the good nature or gratitude of Maude carrying her so far. Moreover, Rushbrook had only to change his seat to where he could catch her eye, and then the Manager felt there would not be a chance of it.

At last the longed-for step sounded in the passage, and Purkiss entered in an unusual rush of affability. For a variety of reasons he never looked so amiable as when pressing the hospitality of his home on his friend Hemprigge.

"Ah! Lord Rushbrook here. How do you do? Delighted to see you looking so well. And you too, Hemprigge: after what you said, I half hoped to find you. You have persuaded our friends to stay to dinner, Maude, I trust?"

"I shall be very glad indeed if they will, I'm sure," said Maude, speaking to Hemprigge, and looking at Rushbrook, and for once submitting without resentment to the awkward but irresistible pressure put on her by her brother.

"A thousand thanks," said the nobleman quickly; "with the greatest pleasure, if you will take me *sans façon*, and in morning dress."

"I should be delighted," answered Hemprigge, "did I not fear I was taking advantage of Miss Childersleigh's good nature?"

"The good nature is all on your side," returned Purkiss, with unwonted heartiness. "People who live out of the way like us are only too pleased to catch their friends as they can."

So the impromptu party was arranged; Sir Basil rousing from his paper, deigning to express his satisfaction, and stopping,

later, on the way to his dressing-room, to exchange a word or two with the butler on the matter of wines.

The dinner passed off pleasantly enough; Rushbrook striving his utmost to efface any disagreeable impressions the ill-timed levity of his before-dinner talk might have produced on his hostess; struggling against his besetting sin, and especially careful to banish any irony from his manner, when in general conversation he answered the remarks of Hemprigge. That gentleman, conscious that his evening's work might be a turning-point in his life, and that he would need courage, at least as much as tact, to carry him through with it, let the butler fill up his glasses oftener than was his wont, and recommended himself to Sir Basil after dinner by a closer application than usual to the venerable port. When they made the move to the drawing-room he was flushed—to steal a term from French cookery-books—*au point*, and felt himself not only equal to availing himself of opportunities, but to creating them if need were. But love and fortune stood his friends: Purkiss actively, Sir Basil passively, and Lord Rushbrook unwittingly, all three played into his hands. The former gentleman eclipsed himself on the way from the dining-room, disappearing up the stairs. His father disposed himself comfortably in his chair, and leaving the ladies to do the honours of the drawing-room to his guests, betook himself to dream-land. He did not often go to sleep after dinner, but when he did, as they all knew by experience, nothing short of violence could bring the baronet back to the consciousness of the realities of life.

As for Lord Rushbrook, he was to the full as bent on a few words with Maude as Hemprigge was eager to be alone with Lucy. But as his confidences had nothing to do with the gentle passion, there was nothing of consciousness to dash the hardihood with which he carried her off to the piano, discountenancing her suggestion of a duet. The instrument stood in the larger drawing-room, half out of sight.

"Pray play something noisy, Miss Childersleigh: plenty of execution, and as little *pianissimo* about it as may be," he whispered. "To be quite frank with you, I asked your music only to drown our talk."

Maude may have had suspicions of her own about what might possibly be coming. Her fingers trembled slightly as she busied herself among her music-books, and seizing without a word on the volume that came first to hand, she bent her head over the piano, and opened full cry in the hunter's chorus in *Der Freischütz*.

Lord Rushbrook may have guessed what was passing in her mind; for instead of taking prompt advantage of the crash, he hesitated in a way very unlike him. But as he caught a glimpse of Hemprigge's shadow falling on the opposite wall, his softening expression hardened back to decision and impatience.

"I'm going to test our friendship, Miss Childersleigh, and hazard losing myself for ever in your good opinion. It all depends on how you take what I'm going to say. At least, you must believe in my interest in you and all that concerns you, since it forces me to do an excessively disagreeable thing and one very much out of my usual way."

"The solemnity of your preface makes me tremble for what is to follow. What can you mean, Lord Rushbrook?"

"Don't laugh, when for once I'm grave enough. I mean to impart to you my very unflattering opinion of a guest of your father's, and speak evil behind his back of a friend of your brother's."

Maude's fingers paused on the keys for a second. "I can't pretend to misunderstand you. Mr. Hemprigge, of course."

"Precisely so; but pray play on. For your sake I don't desire he should overhear us or suspect we are discussing him. Not either for his or mine most certainly." He had come round to her side and was looking her in the face, and he drew himself up with a dignity she had never seen in him before, but yet Maude acknowledged to herself it sat strangely well on his careless features.

"I had thought," she returned, in a slightly disappointed tone,—"may I say I hoped?—that your light manner before dinner was assumed to cover your real sympathy with us?"

"You did me injustice, then, or more than justice, when you took for earnest the offer that both Hemprigge and I knew for sarcasm. To see him parading himself among the charitable would be enough to disgust any sensible man with charity for life. I happen to hate hypocrisy; yet to be frank, so far as I am concerned, he might have figured in *Tartuffe* as he pleased elsewhere. I am conscious of far too many peccadilloes of my own to go playing the knight-errant among other sinners and their vices. But when he has the brazen audacity to abuse your goodness in my presence, and clearly for some unworthy purpose, too, my indignation gets the better of my selfishness. Believe me, speaking as I speak now is the most painful and unselfish thing I have done for long. But I happen to

know this man well, that he's one who always crawls for choice along crooked paths; and as I do know him, and you do not, it shall be no fault of mine if he leaves his trail here, or makes the boast that his craft has fooled your innocence."

"I think you do him injustice; very unintentionally I am sure," returned Maude, speaking doubtfully though. "Once I used to feel positive antipathy to him, perhaps I do not greatly like him now, but in spite of myself his recent conduct has overcome my prejudices and taught me to distrust my first impressions. You cannot know, of course, how delicately generous he has been, or anything of the endless trouble he has given himself about that orphanage he knew we were interested in. The more we have seen him, the better reason have we had to believe him very different from what we once imagined."

"From himself, Miss Childersleigh. Yes, precisely so. When Hemprigge calls himself as a witness to his own character, you may be sure there will be abundant testimony forthcoming to his excellences, and material proofs in plenty to back it with. To do him justice, he never grudges money when parting with it serves his ends, and yet when he can he always makes his brains save his purse. That latest trait of generosity of his — that conditional 500*l.*, was admirably characteristic."

"You will surely not try to persuade me, my lord, to put so uncharitable a construction on what may very well have been the charity I thought it," said Maude, appealingly.

"Be sure, Miss Childersleigh, had mine been merely suspicions, I should have kept them to myself. On nothing short of absolute conviction would I wish to shake your faith in any man's better nature. It is just like you to speak as you do, but it puts me on my trial as well as Hemprigge, and of all the world I can least afford to have you condemn me, and for meanness too. I *must* convince you that you judge him by yourself, that it is your own nature that inclines you to put a favourable construction on his motives. Your good sense must tell you a man's whole life should speak for him, not the actions of a month. One swallow does not make a summer, and who ever heard before of Hemprigge doing one solitary good deed, or troubling his head about the well-being of any of his fellow-mortals?"

"Nay, it is, maybe, only your ignorance of him makes you do him an injustice. What he does, he does most unobtrusively, and this is but one of many —"

"Hemprigge do good by stealth!" Rushbrook laughed bitterly. "On my honour, the idea is too atrociously barefaced even for him, and to suggest it in a house where Hugh Childersleigh and I are visitors is most unlike his usual prudence. He must have strong reasons of his own for venturing a bold *coup*. Why, Miss Childersleigh, as we have begun with confidences, we must go on; and if my own character suffer in course of them, at least it will be some pledge for my sincerity. It was I who first brought Hugh and him together, and I have known him for years. He has made it his profession to seek out business, I will not say dishonourable, but certainly degrading, and more so by far for the agent than the client. As money-lender at five-and-twenty he had all the avaricious spirit of his trade, and while a spendthrift by taste, was always a miser at heart. What chance, do you think, had charity, when avarice and prodigality were struggling for his purse!"

"If this is all true, — and I cannot for a moment doubt it, — I agree with you that Mr. Hemprigge has been very much out of place here. I think besides —" She stopped, but her face finished the sentence.

"You think that we who know something of his character, are at least as much to blame as he. Well, perhaps so, and yet, had I known either you or him one bit less than I do, had I not assisted at that display of unblushing impudence this afternoon, I for one should have been silent still. If society were not a general masquerade, believe me we should see but empty *salons*. Remember besides, a good many know, and a great many more suspect, all I have told you, and yet Hemprigge stands fair in the eyes of the world and fills, to universal admiration, the post of Manager to that Company of ours."

"How could your cousin, Mr. Childersleigh, ever stoop to associate himself so closely with a man like that?"

"Don't blame Hugh, or if you do, recollect, at least, I am a hundred times more in fault, and with a slighter excuse. I had dealings with Hemprigge professionally, on lighter temptation, and took him up socially for no reason whatever but my own passing amusement. I introduced him to my father's dinner-table, and presented him at my mother's receptions. Fortunately you have no idea, Miss Childersleigh, how susceptibilities get blunted with knocking about the world, and if a man like Hemprigge only push his opportunities with moderation, he may go a very long way. If certificates of virtue and honour were essential preliminaries to arranging business

connections, forgery, I fear, would be a thriving trade; and Hemprigge came to Hugh's aid in a critical moment, much as despair used to raise the devil at one's elbow in the old legends. Besides Hugh knew him less than he does now; I fancy were he altogether his own master, were it not for some gratitude he believes he owes him, he would be only too glad to shake him off at once and forever."

"But what should have made it worth his while to act as he has been doing? What do you imagine brings him here?"

"Why,—that—I should be inclined to guess," returned Rushbrook, pointing to the shadow opposite. Lucy had moved, and now her shoulder cast its graceful outline on the wall below the stooping figure of Hemprigge. "Yet if it be so, it only buries the mystery deeper. Hemprigge parting with his money for charity's sake is odd enough, but his doing it in the idea of winning a portionless bride seems the very madness of extravagance."

"Lucy dream of marrying that man!" Maude burst out savagely, all her old hatred of him returning; "that would be wilder extravagance still, Lord Rushbrook. Believe me he never had the insolence to dream of such a thing; it would be sacrilege—profanity."

"Sacrilege and profanity: each and both of them, very likely," assented Rushbrook. "But in the eyes of the world we were talking of, the offer would be far from a bad one, and Hemprigge is not likely to set a lower value on himself than other people."

In an indifferent case, and before she had lived with Lucy and been lost in the clouds with Rushbrook, Maude most likely would have inclined to agree with the world and Mr. Hemprigge. Now she had begun to learn there were things too holy to be made matter of merchandise.

She rose, and in the impulse of her indignation, prepared to sweep into the other room, but Rushbrook gently laid a finger on her arm.

"Take my word for it, you may leave our friend to Miss Winter. So long as she suspects nothing, there is no harm done; should he come to speak out, she will answer to the same purpose as you, although, perhaps, in milder terms. And if I might dare to counsel you, do nothing more than get rid of his benevolent co-operation and discourage his visits. When he sees the one and the other to be useless, rely upon it he will discontinue both. You need have no fear of a scene, for Hemprigge is the last man to court one, yet anything approaching it would be disagreeable to

you, vex Sir Basil, perhaps hurt Hugh, and certainly pain Miss Winter. If you think differently, or can't answer for your feelings, let me charge myself with the delicate commission of dealing with him, and I will do my best to manage it so as to atone for any mischief I may have made. Hush! Here comes the philanthropist at last to verify the old proverb."

All this time Mr. Hemprigge had been far too deeply engrossed in conversation of his own to trouble himself as to whether he was the subject of talk to others. He had been almost inclined to see a providence in the unexpected opportunity that had been made for him; yet he found it less easy than he could have supposed to use it, although his mind had been made up long before, his line of country surveyed, and his very speech prepared. Time pressed, for although Sir Basil was not likely to awake, or Mr. Purkiss to reappear, Maude might call Lucy to her side at any moment: yet as any abruptness on his part was almost certain to drive Lucy to take refuge with Maude, prudence and sophistry conspired to confirm his irresolution, and he began to fence and feint before delivering the assault, feeling bitterly all the time how fast the precious seconds were flying. He mounted on his old stalking-horse of philanthropy, but in his abstraction, what with snatches at its mouth and kicks in its ribs, the paces of the familiar animal became so spasmodic and eccentric, that Lucy, instead of being soothed to confidence, as she was intended to be, regarded the rider with surprise and some uneasiness. Had he been a shy man she really cared for, nothing could have served his purpose better; as it was, he saw with displeasure and disgust he was only startling her and putting her on the defensive. No man in his circumstances ever felt more certain he was rushing foolishly on his fate; but with a view to that future ease of his conscience we referred to before, he clung to his pet principle of exhausting every possible chance before resigning himself to failure as inevitable. Lucy from time to time kept glancing round at his face in a sort of curious fascination, cowering down in the intervals over the photographs scattered before her, like a scared pigeon ready to take flight at the first rude movement that should break the charm. With all her motherly interest in the clerks' orphans, it is to be feared she would have consented to a grave compromise of their interests, could she only have shaken off the earnest little gentleman at her elbow.

"Oh, no! Mr. Hemprigge, we could never dream of such a thing. We have

given you far too much trouble, as it is," she answered in random acknowledgement of some reckless proposal of her admirer's.

"You have, indeed, given me much trouble, Miss Winter, more than you know of," he broke out desperately, tenderly lowering his tone and glancing apprehensively at Sir Basil. "Your image has haunted me through many an anxious day and sleepless night; you have filled my sleeping and my waking thoughts, and you have —" and heaven knows how high or far his studied eloquence might have carried him, now that it was fairly wound up and going. Lucy stared in his face with such candid fright, not to say horror, that he broke down in spite of himself and came to a dead pause. The father of the orphan, the Hemprigge of the gentle heart and open hand, the much misunderstood philanthropist had vanished, and she was at bay before her old bugbear, with the looks she had shrunk from, speaking out boldly instead of whispering, — the admiration she had shuddered at in suspecting it, was actually avowed and outraging her.

"Hear me to the end!" he said, struggling with his rising fierceness, for in truth he hated her at the moment, and the storm of wounded pride and disappointment that had broken out within might have made a man of his self-control forget time and place, and yield to a wild outburst of passion. He mastered himself so far, but with evil eyes and set teeth he pled his cause in humble moving words, and his hissing voice tuned itself, as he spoke, into the whine of the professional mendicant run into operatic music by Offenbach.

With it all, had his face and his first tones not been a revelation, Lucy might have been touched. As it was, she was moved indeed, although very differently, and in her terror and aversion found it hard to check the impulse to rush to Sir Basil and claim his protection. She managed somehow, however, to give Hemprigge the answer he expected, and assuredly if he wanted his conscience made easy on the score of possible mistakes, her manner ought to have given him as effectual satisfaction as he could have desired.

He would have given much to have closed the interview with a few friendly words, but for the life of him could not help paying her an instalment of revenge in exchange for the involuntarily honest expression of her countenance; he could not resist leaving with the lady of his longings a *souvenir* that should rankle in her gentle heart. If she repaid his love with hate, he would assure

himself, at all events, a sympathy of suffering.

"Don't think you can delude me, as, perhaps, you do yourself, Miss Winter. I know what and who it is that stands between us; perhaps it might be better for all three if I did not!"

"I only understand this much, sir, that you intend me gross insult and outrage. I ought to have looked for nothing else at your hands!" returned Lucy, rising to her feet, flushing indignantly, and then becoming very pale.

Hemprigge's passion for once had fairly got the better of him, but the prudence he had so long practised and so devoutly worshipped, came to his help at last, although rather late. He had grown almost as white as Lucy, as he thought of the personal consequences of the warm-tempered Lord Rushbrook becoming the young lady's champion, and as Sir Basil moved in his chair, he was reminded of all the remoter contingencies this idle *imbroglio* might involve him in. Had her indignation breathed the sweetest hopes to him, it could not have soothed him more suddenly. There was a gentle melancholy in his speech that should have woke an echo of pity in the breast of a saintly inquisitor or Indian brave. Yet Lucy listened to it implacably, although it brought her a certain comfort in telling her the echoes of the storm were dying away and clearing the air for the moment.

"I leave you, Miss Winter; and more agonizing even than the blow you deal me will be the feeling that the madness of my love has ruined me, and irretrievably, perhaps, in your good opinion. The pangs of my remorse might deserve your pardon in time, but never shall I forget my fault or forgive myself." His ringed fingers swept his delicate cambric handkerchief over his fine eyes: it was not for nothing he had sat in theatre stalls at the feet of our cleverest actors. An intelligent man is always picking up something even in the midst of his pleasures; only novices when they first tread the boards generally sin on the side of extravagance.

He discreetly withdrew himself, expanded his features, straitened his person, and strutted into the other room. Although something paler than usual, he looked very much himself when he entered it. Had he been able to read in Maude's heart, or in Rushbrook's indeed, perhaps on the whole he would rather have prolonged his *tête-à-tête* with Lucy; but Rushbrook, a man of the world like himself, put a force on his feelings, and chivalrously thrust himself forward to bear the brunt of the onset. He did

not pretend cordiality, and showed nothing of his usual light and rallying manner: an unpleasant sign, as Hemprigge's shrewdness told him. He simply talked easily and loudly till he woke Sir Basil, and Purkiss descended on the scene. Hemprigge, on his side, did his best, but Maude's silence and coldness could not have escaped him, even had he not intercepted the looks that passed between her and Lucy. After all, what did it signify now? They only waited his going to exchange confidences as well; that evening's work he knew had shaken for once and for ever the footing he had made himself with so much pains at "The Cedars." He took his leave as soon as he decently could, and had scarcely patience to communicate to his importunate friend Purkiss, who followed him out on the gravel, the evil end of all his manœuvring. Of one thing he had assured himself, that he owed Rushbrook something more for friendly offices, and he made a mental memorandum of the debt, to be paid off among others, when friendly fate should send him the means of a general settlement with his creditors.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### AND SUFFERS ACCORDINGLY.

THE shock of his disappointment over, as might have been expected in a man of his eminently practical turn of mind, Mr. Hemprigge sought comfort in labour, and in his blighted love fell back on what served him for religion. He had the heartfelt conviction that nothing is so satisfying as gold, so long, at least, as you go on winning it; that there are no plasters like bank-notes for bleeding hearts, and the higher their figures the more sovereign the specific. Laying bare to Purkiss Childersleigh his motives for the match he aspired to, he had taken care to vindicate the consistency of his principles, and had soothed any twinges of his conscience, by professing to court in the portionless Lucy the embodiment of connection and extended credit. Yet, after all, a man trained as he had been, in a class that believed in little but tangible profits and quick returns, must have resigned himself with some misgivings to the guidance of broader views at so critical a turning-point of his career as matrimony. To lock up his heart in unnegotiable securities, to fetter his hand till death should knock off the handcuffs, and without receiving the solid dowry that should carry conviction of the prudence of the proceedings, was a grave step indeed; one that could hardly fail to be fruitful of anxieties and misgiv-

ings. Rejected by Lucy, he was a free agent again, and one would have said the very man to console himself with the proverb that there were better fish in the sea than had ever come out of it. Yet any one in his secrets—Hooker, for instance—would have said his conduct was that of the timid gambler, who, seeing the heavy stake he thought himself on the point of winning slip through his fingers, should of a sudden change his nature and take to the most reckless play with what remained to him of his own.

Hemprigge, to all seeming, was assiduous as ever in the affairs of the *Crédit Foncier*, but he no longer concentrated his joys on the profits he netted in that establishment, or bounded his hopes with its horizon. Lothbury is in the immediate vicinity of the Stock markets, and he relaxed from his more strictly professional work, in brief intervals, when he was wont to make stealthy dashes into his brokers' chambers in Throgmorton Street. He came to engross the lion's share of the time and thoughts of Messrs. Sharpe and Merryleg, who enlisted themselves heart and soul as jackals in ordinary to his majesty. That is to say, instead of waiting, in the constrained etiquette of their brethren of the older school, for clients to come to them with instructions for legitimate investments, they made it their business to prowl the Stock Exchange and its purlieus, sniffing up tainted intelligence, and hunting out shreds and scraps of secret information from dark and dirty corners. They were great in advising on time bargains,—the buying stock you have no idea of holding on the chance of selling it at a profit a little later; or the selling what you do not possess in the prospect of being able to pick it up at lower prices when the day comes for fulfilling your contract. Time-bargaining is evidently a taste addressing itself very strongly to cupidity, the love of excitement, and all the springs of individual happiness and national greatness. Moreover, like dram-drinking, bric-a-brac hunting, and opium-smoking, it is a liking that grows with the indulgence. If you lose, the chances are you persevere to retrieve your losses, each step plunging you deeper in the holding clay, and making your extrication more hopeless; if you win, from that hour, of course, it is all over with you.

Hemprigge began winning, and went on winning largely. Things in general were still on the rise, although not altogether so buoyant as they had been. If you only stuck by the time-honoured rule of the Stock Exchange, and distributed your eggs

in a multiplicity of baskets — the rule that made such wild work later with the votaries of limited liability — you were pretty sure to find most of the brittle ware delivered safe on settling-day, and the breakages were but a small per-centage of the profits. Hemprigge was a shrewd judge of securities himself; and his advisers, although short-sighted like most of their fraternity, could yet look pretty sharply into the future for ten days or a fortnight in advance. Moreover, his position took him naturally a good deal behind the scenes; supplied him the means of bartering valuable information, and he generally had in reserve a number of insecurities absolutely safe to him because "meant" to rise. With his accustomed modesty, he sought to conceal this new source of gain from his colleagues, and in especial from Childersleigh. Sharpe and Merryleg were warned to silence, and bound to it by their interest; and as his transactions extended and multiplied themselves, Hemprigge took to conducting them through different sets of brokers, by the intervention of the faithful Hooker.

"I don't like it, I tell you. It's a clear tempting of Providence. You've got hold of one first-rate thing; why not stick to it instead of going and burning your fingers with irons you know little or nothing of?" So spake that venerable minister when first consulted. "It's like a thimble-rigger playing at another man's table," he added, with much more truth than civility.

But Hemprigge, with the wisdom of the serpent, wasted no breath in convincing him. He simply drew a memorandum-book from his pocket, and submitted for his inspection some of its eloquent little pages. As Hooker read, his eyes lighted as Ali Baba's may have done when he stumbled on the treasure of the forty thieves, and his conversion was absolute and instantaneous. Thenceforth he not only patted his enterprising friend on the back, but insisted in sharing his ventures, expatiating with rare fluency on the beauty of the alchemy which could turn breath to gold, and make a simple order to a broker yield a rich return. Indeed he became almost officiously zealous in transmitting to his partner and principal the information he made it his daily business to gather from the brokers. He still, for prudential reasons, denied himself the entrance of the establishment in Lothbury, contenting himself with standing at gaze from the corner of the Bank, and indulging in his mental raptures at that respectful distance. But the liveried giant by the portals came to know the look of his wafared despatches, and to curse their fre-

quency, and the lighter Mercuries of the establishment were always flying with them up the broad carpeted staircase that led to the room of the Managing Director:

"Immediate and confidential. 11.15 A.M.

"M. and S. assure me Sallymanky's people selling Spanish. Rumours of new loan coming out in Paris. . . H."

Naturally Mr. Hooker's education had been thoroughly British, and he frequently tripped himself up in the intricacies of those foreign names he had come in contact with, late in life.

"Immediate. 12.25 P.M.

"Queensland Acclimation landed a herd of Alpakkas; all well. Telegraph from Moreton Bay — No one believes it yet, but shares hardening. J. B. & Co. *knows* it to be true."

And so on with news and rumours of news; tales of war and peace; payment or nonpayment of accruing dividends; company concessions and colonial bankruptcies: three-fourths of them *canards*, it is true, but most of them winged to answer their purpose, and hold their flight over next settling-day. Hooker and Hemprigge were growing wealthy, but their very good fortune became their stumbling-block, and their riches ruined them. They were creating capital so fast — capital they had so little call for in their easy way of trade — that the question as to how they were to dispose of it gradually became more pressing. Amidst all his gripping and getting, Hooker's essential prudence whispered him wisely:

"It's no use leaving all this money we're getting, only to fatten our bankers. I'll tell you what it is — I'm for putting it out of the way against a rainy day; for running it off into a sort of reserve fund. What do you say to houses now, or land in the suburbs?"

"What do I say? why, that the time may come for that late, when things get fishy, when some of these queer concerns in the City begin to look shaky. But there's not a sign of it as yet, and I'm not going to bury my money away in the earth, or build it into houses, so long as I can have eight per cent. on rising shares at selling prices."

"You are going to sink more of it in the Crédit Foncier of Turkey then?"

"Both the Crédit Foncier of Turkey. No; most certainly not. On the contrary, while its shares are so high, I mean to follow the Governor's example, sell; and if you take my advice, you'll do the same, as

I recommended you once before. In fact, I begin to doubt if it's worth my while sacrificing all my time to it for my paltry salary. Look at that robber Childersleigh pocketing commissions for himself, and the whole Board as well, — and if I do leave it — ”

“Leave it! nonsense. Salaries like yours are not to be had for the asking.”

“Well, that's not the question now. At all events, its shares have moved very little in the last two months, while others have been steadily on the rise. The Suburban Discount for instance: they talk of its declaring a fifty per cent. dividend at the next meeting — perhaps a bonus.”

“It might be the best thing we could do to shift about a little, if we were very sure of our ground,” assented Hooker; and the result of this conversation, and subsequent ones, was the embarkation of the realized capital of the allies on board a variety of craft, with top-hamper out of all proportion to the ballast, as no one knew better than Hemprigge. But then he believed in his luck; and what is a still more common thing with speculators of his class, he overrated his nerve and resolution. For avarice and superstition lie at the root of all speculation, and make it the hardest thing in the world to argue yourself into an absolute sacrifice, or to confess to a broken vein of luck. Hemprigge had invested pretty freely in the Suburban Discount; the rather that Rifler, the Manager, was an intimate of his own. But, on a memorable morning, one of the *Crédit Foncier* messengers came skimming along the corridor, bearing one of Hooker's most pressing despatches.

“Suburbans falling. That villain Rifler bolted, they say — see me at once. Not a moment to be lost.”

Hemprigge opened and read it, standing with his face to the window, and then set himself steadily to disbelieve it. An untoward incident like this was so utterly out of all his fortunate experience. Keeping a keen look-out, he had seen no immediate symptoms of impending commercial convulsion, and as for the Suburban Discount, he had gone over all its books and accounts most carefully with his friend Rifler. He breathed between his teeth a fearful anathema at that gentleman — provisionally — and then turning to the clerk, who had been writing to his dictation when the missive arrived, said, very quietly, —

“Just have the goodness, Mr. Driver, to go on with those letters and have them ready for me to sign; should any one ask for me, say I have been called out for half-an-hour on official business:” then picking

up his hat and gloves, he walked out of the room. But in the comparative gloom of the corridor, a cloud settled on his spirits, he felt rather less sanguine, and, trying in vain to stifle the whisper of superstition that told him his luck was on the turn, viciously tore one of his gloves to shreds, and walked past the porter with a pleasant and most unconcerned demeanour.

But Hooker's information was at least as accurate as usual. Rifler, while confiding his company's secrets and baring his own bosom to his boon companion Hemprigge, had already feathered himself a snug nest in Sweden with down stripped from the shareholders of the Suburban. To elude all suspicion, he had taken a week's holiday and a passage under a feigned name, and the Hull and Stockholm steamer *Odin* had carried him beyond the reach of inconvenient extradition treaties. Now he was domesticated with his English billiard-table, groom and gamekeeper, and his French cook, in a spacious mansion on Lake Wener. Rifler had always had a distaste for society and a passion for wild-fowl shooting, and it had only been a “macker” on the Leger and his uncle the chairman that had forced him on the Suburban. When Hemprigge stood between the swing-doors opening on the Stock Exchange from New Court, the 10*l.* shares of that Company, selling at 47 the evening before, had already dropped 14, and were steadily declining. Yet the alarm had scarcely spread westwards to St. James's Street, and never touched the country.

“Most unfortunate! Who could have dreamed it? But sell at once, of course, and have done with it, Mr. Hemprigge,” gasped Merryleg, who came trotting up to him.

“Sell, of course,” echoed Hemprigge's common sense, and had he only listened to it, the 2,000*l.* he must have sacrificed would have been the most profitable outlay he ever made in his life. “Those fellows are always hankering after their commissions,” whispered Avarice; “the Company is sound, their loss is discounted, hold on for a rally.” Had he made up his mind to that first step backwards, which would have cost — certainly cost 2,000*l.* — and then withdrawn quietly in the same prudent direction, cutting loose from everything suspicious, and falling back on Consols, or even the *Crédit Foncier* and *Mobilier* of Turkey, the defaulting Rifler would have proved the best friend he ever knew. But, listening to the tempter, he held on, and doing so, entered on a fatal line of policy where the descent was easy and the recovery hard; took up

the hammer that was to nail the colours he should have struck, and struck the match that was to fire the magazine. And Hooker, with the inward spasms of a careful servant who once carried his quarterly earnings to a savings' bank, and in much mental agony, was persuaded to follow his leader.

The momentous decision of the morning made both of them miserable men. So long as all goes well, the fever of speculation is a delicious glow, one of the most agreeable excitements in the world; but the shuddering-fits that follow a reaction chill your very marrow, as you sit Marius-like among your crumbling investments, musing remorsefully over losses and mistakes, looking wistfully back at past prosperity, and labouring in vain to readjust the scales of unsatisfactory balances. The savage shareholders of the Suburban altogether declined to let Risher carry off the sins of the Board into the wilds of Sweden; held an indignation meeting, when they sent the Directors packing after their would-be scapegoat, replacing them with distinguished members of their own body, and these new brooms, despairing of cleansing the Augean stable, threw up their hands in despair and let all the world into its foul secrets. Confidence once disturbed, tore rents in the baloon of credit that gradually enlarged themselves; other Companies began to be talked about; and then the Bank of England sounded the alarm from its parlour, and raising its rate of discount week after week, shook the foundations of the mushroom establishments that had been underselling it and luring its customers. Lord Richborough and the dignitaries of Lombard Street began to crow, and, with their cheery, "I told you so!" volunteered Job's consolation to the more advanced and embarrassed speculators of their acquaintance.

The *Crédit Foncier* and *Mobilier* of Turkey did not go altogether unscathed, and Hugh Childersleigh had begun to have his anxieties as well as Hemprigge. The rise in the shares was checked, and then they began to sink a little in sympathy with other Companies. His faith in its ultimate prospects was not shaken for an instant, but he congratulated himself, in his special circumstances, that he had been wise in time, and reduced his great holding when markets were at their best. Yet now the policy of candour began to bear its fruits, and Hemprigge's early predictions to fulfil themselves. People who shook their heads incredulously at most things of the sort, continued to place some faith in the ample reports and lucid balance-sheets of the *Crédit*

*Foncier* of Turkey. The shareholders still were always welcomed there, to find the Directors more affable and communicative than ever. Its transactions, moreover, had been, on the whole, so prudently conducted, it had engaged its credit so intelligently, had made its advances on such prudent margins of security, that by comparison at least it only gained by publicity. While some of its rivals were left with none but their profitless customers on their hands, with the sad option of closing their doors or throwing good money after bad, its connection actually increased. But, for the moment, dearer money and shaken faith dealt a heavy blow to the system of reckless financing, and it seemed likely next half-year would see a woeful melting of those commissions Hemprigge had grudged so to the Governor.

"Do you propose taking up that *Pera Lighting and Drainage*, Mr. Childersleigh?" asked Hemprigge one morning, when he had come to the Governor's room for the formal discussion of the business of the day. Although they worked about as harmoniously as a pair of spaniels hunting the covers in couples, yet their common duties forced them to lay their heads together once at least in the twenty-four hours.

"Certainly not, so far as I have a voice in the matter."

"It would be an excellent thing for you," returned Hemprigge, with the most innocent of faces, resting a slight emphasis on the last word—an emphasis that did not escape the other. For some time past he had carefully avoided any more direct allusion to Hugh's match with time, and the forthcoming opening of the will.

Hugh affected to take no notice of the intimation that separated his interests from the Company's. He had learned to control his temper up to a certain point, which the other guessed at, and usually, in his prudence, took good care not to pass.

"Nothing that locks up the capital we must keep at call can possibly be a good thing in these times. At present, and as long as I can influence the action of the Board, I shall set myself against any commitments of the kind."

"The labourer is worthy of his hire," rejoined Hemprigge mildly. "Your bare salary, without these magnificent commissions you have been drawing, would be miserable remuneration for the time and services of a man like you."

Hugh looked at him in a way that told him he had gone dangerously far. So long as the Governor restrained himself from

giving his feelings vent in speech, it was quite immaterial how much of them his face expressed. Now-a-days there was little room for secrets between the two.

"You need not tell me that many men in my place, and in yours"—(he paid back the insulting accent on the pronoun)—"go on the principle of *après nous le déluge*. If the flood is to come, and I think it highly probable, I don't intend the shareholders shall be swamped if I can save them. To remind you of your words when we first broached the scheme, I mean it to outlast both of us."

"To outlast me, I don't doubt, if you had your will, my friend," thought Hemprigge. "A great deal has passed since then, Mr. Childersleigh," he said aloud with a sigh, "and I am sure the shareholders ought to rely absolutely on your prudence and forethought. By the way, though, talking of that and the deluge, I hear some of them grumbling about your building an ark for yourself, saying, that if the Governor is selling his shares, it's time for them to be taking to the boats."

"My parting with some of my shares was done openly and above-board. To my colleagues I made no secret of my reasons, and how honest these were you know better than any one, if you choose to say. Certainly, as it has turned out, it was a good thing I sold when I did, but as much so for the shareholders as for myself. If the Governor were compelled to sell in the times I fear next summer, it would be casting our credit to the dogs, and our stock to the bears!"

"Oh, don't think I have any doubt you acted for the best, Mr. Childersleigh; but the shareholders are not so deep in your secrets, and talk they will. They say the bears are sniffing at the property already, and all owing to those unlucky sales of yours. I tell them they have really no cause of complaint; that every man has a perfect right to do what he will with his own; that even a Governor, however much he may have drawn from an association like this need hold nothing more in it than his legal stake. But I cannot boast of having convinced them, and I thought it my duty to tell you so."

"Thank you. I shall take the needful steps to disabuse them of their erroneous impressions. And forgive me, but as your line of defence seems hardly so well chosen as it was undoubtedly well intended, may I ask you to be silent on the subject in future?—otherwise I should be under the necessity of appealing from your unfortunate advocacy to the Board, perhaps to a general

meeting of the Company. Moreover, as what you tell me strongly increases my feeling of personal responsibility, I shall look in future to be consulted on all transactions, even the most trivial; and as that, I believe, disposes of our business, I'll return, if you will allow me, to the correspondence you interrupted."

The speech sounded more like a defiance to open war than anything Hemprigge had heard from him. The imperious tone, still more the harsh order about the reference of everything to the Governor, hurt his pride, and perhaps it interfered with his arrangements as well as trenching on his prerogative as Manager. For the moment he felt inclined to accept it as a challenge, and fight the battle out, when the standing-ground was tolerably good. But second thoughts brought safer counsel. It was a dangerous thing engaging such an adversary on a doubtful chance of victory; for now that Hemprigge was getting worked in among the complex wheels he had set in motion in the City, he held with a desperate tenacity by the *Crédit Foncier* of Turkey, and would have regarded his dismissal from the post of Managing Director as a crowning calamity. So he thought better of it, and turned quickly to leave the room, certainly not hating Hugh more than when he entered it, but with much strengthened conviction that, sooner or later, one or both of them must go to the wall.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### LUCY MAKES A SCENE, AND MAUDE A DISCOVERY.

No one can be infidel enough to doubt that ladies whose unlucky lot it is to reject the affections they have won, feel all the sympathy they profess for the sufferings of which they have been the cause. Yet with its regrets and remorse, it is not in the most angelic feminine nature to be insensible to the glory of involuntary triumphs; to think, without some thrill of pleasure, on the sorrows of its victims. There are women, of course, who hunt down hearts for the sheer pleasure of the sport, and parade their bruised and bleeding trophies as a veteran Indian carries at his belt the scalps he has torn away in a score of razzias. We suspect there are few of the sex who can resist gratifying a pardonable vanity by taking some one into the secret of the tribute paid their fascinations; who have the strength of kindness to do the best they can for their lover next to accepting him, and consign to oblivion the episode he unpleasantly figured in. Unless an offer be so wild as to

amount to an insult, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the gentleman may find comfort in thinking he has left pleasant memories with the lady to whose happiness he would have consecrated his life. But surely Lucy Winter had singular ill-luck. If some generous fairy had dowered her at her christening with a rare gift of fascination, a malevolent one must have crossed the boon, willing that the attachments she inspired should end in nothing but bitterness to all concerned. If poor George Childersleigh's unhappy love threatened to cost her the pleasant home she had banished him from, and the friends who had come to her aid in the hour of her desertion, Mr. Hemprigge's proposal left her a prey to devouring anxieties about the man she insisted on regarding as her earliest benefactor. That prudent gentleman, who valued more than any one the beauties of a meek temper and long-suffering spirit, would have deplored even more than he did his foolish outbreak of anger, had he foreseen how deeply it would impress his lady-love. Lucy could not forget the malignant virulence of his covert threats, and was haunted, sleeping and waking, by the look which accompanied them. It was no passing fit of passion she was assured; she never, for an instant, doubted his earnest sincerity of purpose, nor did she in the least question his capacity in heart, brain, or conscience to carry through a revenge. The suddenness with which he had changed his language and calmed his manner terrified her, and she shuddered after him as at a rattlesnake who had sprung his rattle and then glided silently off on an errand of mischief. Although she had told Maude all else that had passed between them, she had said nothing of the words that were fretting in her mind. She blushed even to herself when she recalled them, and moreover she guessed at something of Maude's old relations with Hugh. She brooded over the words till they wore her spirits; her health and much of her old gaiety had gone with George Childersleigh, and now Hemprigge had plunged her in absolute gloom. Maude rallied and petted her by turns, tried to cheer, coax and question her, all in vain, became hurt at last, and had her fits of coldness, although they never lasted long. Her penetration told her her friend had a secret she refused to share.

The struggle in Lucy's mind grew harder and harder. Hugh Childersleigh, she knew well, bent his powers and devoted his life to a single aim, renouncing for it pleasure and society and political ambition. A few months more must decide his success or

failure. She scarcely sympathized with him as she wished, yet she would have made any sacrifices to help him. Now accident had offered her occasion. She had learned there was a man at his elbow, and deep in his confidence, who asked nothing better than to thwart him, and assuredly would do it if he had the chance. From what Maude had told her of Rushbrook's talk, she was aware, indeed, the Governor had not so high an opinion of the Managing Director as she might otherwise have believed, but that was very different from knowing him for his secret enemy. In the candour and purity of her nature she knew little of the essential oil of hypocrisy that keeps the wheels of the world in working order, and would never have persuaded herself a man she admired, as Childersleigh, could live in outwardly amicable intercourse with any one he had reason to suspect and distrust. Yes, the more she thought it over, the more was she driven up to the conclusion, that duty, to say nothing of friendship or common gratitude, made it imperative she should warn Childersleigh; that the thing must be gone through with, and each day she delayed it a crime, and, perhaps, an irreparable one. And now he came so rarely to the house that there seemed nothing for it but to write. She would set herself to the task with the conscientious resolution of a martyr; then her courage would ooze away, and each succeeding failure make the ordeal more difficult. The touch of the pen covered her face with blushes, and set her pulses beating as if they would burst her temples; her ideas went whirling round her brain, and down went the pen again in sheer despair. For she knew her warning would be idle unless she gave Childersleigh convincing proof of the deep-rooted inveteracy of his enemy. How persuade him of that without telling him more than she would have cared to tell a mother, not only the offer—that was matter of indifference to her—but why his own name should have been brought up between them at all?

While the conflict was at its worst, the announcement that Hugh was coming to dine with them in a day or two gave her a reprieve. She tried to persuade herself she would tread the delicate ground much more safely when talking to him face to face, ready to advance or retreat, and in the meantime she found comparative repose. But she passed the afternoon of the dreadful day as the criminal who counts the minutes to a shameful punishment, and took her seat at dinner like a guest who

had been fetched from the torture-chamber to be dressed for the banquet. Her eyes lighted up with fever, and a hot spot burned on each of her pale cheeks. Maude had taken fright and done her best to persuade her to keep her room. Even Sir Basil, not usually very observant, remarked her appearance, and said kindly, "Lucy, my dear, how wretchedly ill you are looking. Have a glass of wine? Here, Barnes, a glass of sherry to Miss Winter instantly; or stay, she likes Madeira. Go down for a bottle of March's East Indian."

Purkiss said something civil, and, perhaps, meant it; and it was with ill-concealed anxiety that Hugh, who had kept his eyes on her ever since he seated himself opposite, exclaimed:—

"Is it wise in you to be here at all, Miss Winter? I wish we could prevail on you to leave us."

Lucy smiled faintly, just managed to say she did not feel very well, and then rising hastily beat a speedy retreat. Maude followed, but only to have her affectionate inquiries parried with kisses, thanks, and generalities about headaches; so she reluctantly left her friend to the care of the maid, and returned downstairs thoughtful and much perturbed.

"Nothing very serious the matter, is there, Maude?" asked Sir Basil. "She certainly seems very far from well."

"She insists it's only a headache, but I don't like it. It's quite a new thing, her having headaches at all, and she has been looking miserable for the last fortnight. However, I have ordered her to bed, which is the best thing for her in the meantime; and I've threatened her with the doctor, if she is not better before night."

"I should send for him in any case," said Hugh gravely.

"You don't think her seriously ill?"

"I do, indeed, or at least that she will be if she is not looked to forthwith. There is no mistaking the symptoms of fever. It needs no doctor to foretell a violent attack if something is not done."

"God bless me!" exclaimed Sir Basil; "do you really think so? Here, Barnes"—he went on, turning to the butler—"send a groom over with my compliments to Dr. Selby, and beg him to come without a moment's delay. What, you're going upstairs again, are you, Maude? Quite right, quite right; say I've sent for the doctor, and see that she keeps herself quiet till he comes."

The three gentlemen made a very silent meal. Hugh was taciturn, and eat as little as he said; and Sir Basil quiet and anxious,

although his anxiety did not impair his appetite. As for Purkiss, his feelings were not sufficiently tried to tax his philosophy, and he disposed of the successive dishes, from the soup to the olives, in his usual methodical and business-like manner.

Lucy had gone to bed, but not to rest or sleep. She was in an agony of remorse that she should have let this chance, too, slip through her fingers; that, instead of managing quietly, she should have made a scene, and that her task was become more difficult than ever. But in her despair, she so far overcame her repugnance, that she resolved to have done with concealment the moment she regained her strength and collected her ideas. When Maude came up, and establishing herself by her pillow, told her how thoroughly she had alarmed them all downstairs; that the doctor was actually sent for, and might be with them at any moment; she shut her eyes, and took the plunge.

"It is you, and not Dr. Selby, who can help me, Maude," she burst out; and then with confused excuses and broken sentences, that were still intelligible enough, she whispered in her friend's ear all she had omitted from her former story.

"But why on earth make a mystery of all this from me at least, you foolish child?" exclaimed Maude. "As if it had been you, and not that wretch who had done something to be ashamed of." Then she stopped, smiled, blushed at an idea that seemed to shoot across her brain, and ending by looking thoughtfully at Lucy.

"Well, the first thing to be done," she resumed after a time, "is to lift off your mind all this weight that has been crushing it so long and so unnecessarily; but it only serves you right for having any secrets from me. Besides, although I daresay Hugh Childersleigh knows this man better than you suppose, I quite feel that, for the ease of your own conscience, we must send him a warning. If you like to trust me, I'll charge myself with the explanation, and make it to-night."

"Yes, that will be best. But now that my folly has attached so much importance to it, what can he think?"

"The worst he can think is,—that Mr. Hemprigge was outrageously insolent, and you absurdly sensitive. You may trust yourself to me, as you ought to know, although it would seem you had forgotten it. At least, I shall have all my wits about me, which is more than I should answer for you; and in the meantime, I shall answer for your cure, and spare you with the doctor and his cross-examination."

Maude had no difficulty in finding the opportunity she sought for. Unlike Sir Basil, Hugh appeared by no means satisfied with the bare assurance that the invalid was so much better that the doctor might be countermanded.

"I wish I saw you more alarmed, Maude. I can quite understand it is one of those nervous illnesses people are slow to confess to; but surely it would be wiser to be on the safe side, and have Selby to see her."

"I should think so, I assure you, were I not certain Lucy was round the corner, and in the fair way to convalescence. She has confided to me her complaint. I pledge myself to set it all to rights; and I hope you don't doubt my word or skill. But you have reason to be uneasy about her, as you are the cause of it all."

"Forgive me, Maude, but the matter is too serious for trifling. And how can I possibly have anything to do with Miss Winter's illness?"

At the same time his heart fluttered a little, and with all his unfeigned concern not altogether unpleasantly.

"You directly, and indirectly your friend Hemprigge. I can hardly forgive you, Hugh, for ever bringing that man here. However, I daresay you have more cause than any of us to regret making his acquaintance, so I shall say no more about that. He hates you, Hugh; and that is what Lucy found out, and the foolish child has been frightening herself to death about it ever since."

"I have long known he does not like me. But how should Miss Winter come to guess it? and why should she have hesitated to tell me, if she had interest enough in me to induce her to take the matter to heart at all?"

"She had it from his own lips and looks. Oh, she has told me all: so you may believe me, if there is anything in his enmity to alarm you, there is good ground for alarm."

"If Miss Winter is intimate enough with Mr. Hemprigge to share his inmost secrets, I must say I think she is bound to keep them to herself," rejoined Hugh gloomily.

Maude began to appreciate Mr. Hemprigge's perspicacity, and to fear, that, on the whole, although placed in an awkward dilemma, she could serve her friend better by over-candour than excess of caution.

"Don't start at shadows, Hugh. You know, as well as I do, there can be nothing whatever in common between the two. It is sullyng Lucy to name her in the same breath with him. If he forgot himself, it was because she showed her disgust only too frankly."

Hugh muttered something between his teeth, and his brow got dark.

"It seems he has had the audacity to admire her for long, and the other evening——"

"Stop, Maude. It is very clear Miss Winter would have given much to keep all this to herself, and it cost her bitterly to unbosom herself, even to you. You must see it would be the grossest indelicacy and ingratitude were I to add to her pain by intruding on her secrets, or listening to what I have no right to hear. Tell her what you please. Say I asked no questions, and desired to know nothing more than you chose to tell me. Only, whatever you say, do not let her think her warning was a needless one, and that she has gone through all this misery for nothing. Say everything in the way of thanks, and above all assure her I shall keep on my guard."

"You are noble and considerate, as you always were, Hugh," said Maude, reaching out her hand to him. "At least, Mr. Hemprigge has not spoiled you."

"Noble, do you say, and living in friendly intercourse with him, and in this business he helped me to! As for him, he shall repent this the longest day——"

"Stay, Hugh. I don't say it for your sake, but for Lucy's—you must not make a quarrel of this. He is quick to suspect and put things together. We know his malice, and you both have cause to dread his tongue. Reptiles are hard to crush; and he might do some one a mischief that nothing could repair."

That argument seemed to strike Hugh, and stagger him.

"Then," she went on jesuitically, "remember, although he did lose his temper, and spoke as only a coarse-minded man could speak, it was under excessively mortifying circumstances; and if he was atrociously impertinent, he apologized promptly and amply. So far as that goes, Lucy ought to be silent, and you could only do her an injury by putting yourself forward as her champion. If you have anything to resent, it is his expression of animosity towards yourself."

"As for that, he may do his worst. I defy him to hurt me, and were ours ordinary business relations, I should be content to go on meeting him on the distant footing I have banished him to, and continue to tolerate him as I have done. But we were friends in a fashion once: I blush to remember it. I owe him obligations, too, although he helped me for his own ends, and hoped to use me as a cat's-paw. The business world has learned to identify us in a manner, and

I often loathe my very prosperity, Maude, when I recollect it is partly of his creation. He knows well he can always sting me by reminding me of it. He has fixed me in golden fetters, and they jingle and gall me at each step I take. To think I am trifling knowingly all this time with my honour for that accursed money of Miss Childersleigh!"

The spirit of unworldliness embodied in Lucy had never rested on him so strongly, and it nerved him for the moment with the impetuous force of a Berserker. The fit was on him, and he was almost resolved to break out of Hemprigge's golden bands, to burst all the bonds old hopes and old habits had shackled him in. Had it been Lucy he had been talking with, the inspiration of her presence might have wrought him to wisdom or to madness, and the deed would have been done. Maude, with all her worldliness, had never admired him so much. Perhaps for the time being, she forgot her adventure in the fogs of Killoden, and the dreams that came of it, and remembered and regretted a morning-scene in the garden-walk at "The Cedars." But she had been brought up her father's daughter, and she felt to Lucy differently from Hugh. When it was a question of friendship, she was too conscientiously practical to encourage any one whose welfare she interested herself in the indulgence of sentiments, however admirable, at a price so heavy.

"Do nothing hastily, Hugh. By waiting a month or two you may spare yourself the regrets of a lifetime. The time of your probation is nearly at an end, and do not, from an overstrained sense of honour, throw lightly away all you have toiled and schemed for. No one but yourself, believe me, sees Mr. Hemprigge's fetters on your limbs. If you ever did owe him anything, he has wiped the debt out twenty times over. Remember, too, if you renounce the prize when your hand is stretched out to grasp it, you serve his antipathies and wishes beyond his hopes. No; if you mean to punish him, and I must say he richly deserves it, persevere until September, and then you are absolutely your own master to act as you please."

And the spirit of worldly wisdom having answered the promptings of the angel of unworldliness, and left her last shaft quivering in the very clout of the target, cut short the conversation with a sense of reproachful self-humiliation.

Maude was quite right in trusting much to her parting shot. Nothing short of such an argument would have held Hugh back from an open quarrel with Hemprigge, whatever the consequences to himself or his

Company. He brooded over the scene between him and Lucy. His intelligence worked up Maude's hints into a tolerably faithful representation of all that had passed. As was natural, however, the more he brooded, the blacker grew the colours Hemprigge figured in, and the grosser the brutality of his language. Perhaps it might have been better for him had his delicacy been smaller, or had he suffered Maude to be more outspoken. For, in his knowledge of the world and its inmates, he would have seen that Hemprigge was not altogether the monster his heated imagination and temper had pictured him, but simply what he had always suspected and long known him for — an unscrupulous, vulgar-minded, evil-tempered man, spoiled by prosperity and irritated by jealousy. But if his fancy sketches of Hemprigge, his rehearsals of his demeanour and language, roused his passions, the pathetic portraits he drew himself of Lucy unspeakably touched his heart. When his own griefs or loves inspire him, a man's art and eloquence are wonderfully self-moving and self-seductive. There, at least, there was no danger of deceiving himself; he had the materials all ready to his hand. Her shy suffering face haunted him as he had seen it last, and he could not forget it was he who had been the cause of her sorrows. He thought of her as an Andromeda chained to the rock in helpless grace and beauty; of Hemprigge as the monster who, disappointed of her and her charms, delighted himself with her tears and her terrors. In her kindness for himself — he did not call it love — she had provoked their common enemy, and with all the strength, if he cared to put it forth, he had neither the chivalry nor the courage to come to the rescue. Yet was not Maude right, and what could he do? If he attempted to act the Perseus, his thrusts would recoil on himself, and he should only play the enemy's game. The many who envied him his great fortune guessed little of his frame of mind. Amid all his real prosperity, he told himself he was still garnering the old crops of wild oats, paying the penalties of early indiscretions, and suffering for the questionable companionship in which he had sought to extricate himself from them. He reproached himself with having wilfully closed his eyes to his ally's character, in the confidence that if he proved a rogue he could nevertheless use him with clean hands. It is not so easy, as he reflected bitterly, to work with pitch, and yet keep yourself from defilement. The man had been his tool, indeed; but even useful tools may hurt the hands that wield them. He might have been

happier, he thought, had he carried the wreck of his fortunes to Nevada as he proposed, although they had been sunk there in bottomless mines or gone to enrich western swindlers. With it all he toiled harder than ever in his business, but for distraction, not from pleasure. Never before had he longed so wearily for the goal towards which he had been struggling, not because he looked to find wealth at it, but liberty, and, if the truth must be told, vengeance. He who had valued money as much as most, had come to acknowledge it might be dearly come by; that in money-getting, as in fox-hunting, the pleasure or pain is in the chase, and the object worthless. Could Hemprigge have guessed the secrets of that outwardly impassive nature, he might have had the doubtful comfort of assuring himself that his malignity had made the man he detested marvellously indifferent to the winning of the great prize he had first taught him to hope for, and that, even were it won, the winning it from first to last would be mainly due to him.

While Hugh was holding his hand for fear of his blow recoiling on himself to the pleasure of his enemy, Hemprigge's ill-advised stroke at Lucy had lighted on the individual that gentleman loved so very dearly. Hugh had immense self-control, or he could not have gone on meeting the Manager as they did meet. But he called his self-control by a harsher, perhaps a juster name; and when the two had had that last interview we recorded, much more than Hemprigge's sneers, it was the feeling he was lowering himself to an equality with the man he so cordially despised, that made him hold the tone he did, and issue those embarrassing and insulting instructions. Yet really he had begun the battle, when he thought he had only shown his readiness for it, and taken the first active steps in an interchange of injuries.

Meanwhile gratitude had, at least, kept pace with resentment, and sent him the day after the dinner on an errand of inquiry to

"The Cedars." The last week or two had woven him into Lucy's existence, and made him the object of her thoughts and dreams and nightmares, and it was natural he should still keep his place in these, equally natural, consequently, that she should have foreseen this attention. Certain it is, that although not much given to nursing herself, and greatly relieved in mind and restored in body, she could not be prevailed on to leave her apartment until the visit had been announced and the visitor was gone; that Maude, although she thought her friend quite equal to the exertion of coming down-stairs, had only smiled when she refused, and not attempted to urge the point. But this painful proof that her health had been rudely shaken brought Mr. Childersleigh there again the following day, and at an hour, too, when he had never before been known to quit his business avocations for the calls of society; Maude, glancing at her companion, when the door of the morning-room was thrown open and Mr. Childersleigh was announced, saw her start and crimson to the temples. But Mr. Childersleigh's eyes carefully avoided the invalid's face, and after the briefest and most matter-of-course inquiries, he directed his looks and conversation exclusively to Maude, and cut his stay very short indeed. Uncivil as it seemed, Lucy appeared to understand it, and actually felt more warmly to him for his neglect than she had done before for actual benefits. Had she resented it, perhaps the apologetic pressure on her hand, when he took his leave, would have made his peace. As for Maude, she had been studying lately under a tutor of her own, but even without the deepening flush on Lucy's face, she would have been just as certain of the pressure as if she had felt it. She looked on in demure silence, and *che sarà, sarà*, was her philosophical reflection. Strong and sensible as her character was, it had its weaknesses; and partial friendship and sympathetic feelings were beginning to demoralize her.

THE Armenian prelates, whose flight from Rome we have already noticed, discharged a Parthian dart at the authorities. At the last moment they had the Pontifical arms removed from their abode and replaced by the crescent and star of Turkey, supported by a French tricolour. The change must have been roughly and hastily performed, and must have been effected in a courtyard concealed from the public view; but it has answered its evident purpose,

and has made many Reverences and Eminences gnash their teeth with indignation. There is, however, one great comfort, as the newspapers of these grave potentates at once inform the world, and it is this—all prelates who leave Rome during the Council without the Pope's special permission are irremediably excommunicated. Some minds are grateful for small blessings; others can only be satisfied by mighty curses.

Translated from the *Gartenlaube* for the Living Age.  
THE REHEARSAL OF THE MIRACLE PLAY  
AT OBERAMMERGAU IN 1870.

BY HERMAN SCHMID.

A RUSTLING sound is heard, whispering, through the newspaper forests with their many forms and colours, that the inhabitants of the village of Oberammergau in the Bavarian Highlands, are again preparing their "Passion Play," the wide fame of which will probably bring a great stream of spectators from distant lands; all the greater from the fact, that the representation is only given once in every ten years. Having heard, in 1860, with some doubt the accounts of its success, I also turned my steps towards the mountains, to see and hear for myself what truth there was in the report, and learn how much religious ecstasy, or how much exaggeration, really took place. What I wrote at that time for the *Gartenlaube*, proved that my brightest expectations were not only fulfilled, but far surpassed. I had long determined to see the play once more, and to find out if the same impression was conveyed. I wished still more to discover how the solution of so deep a problem was worked out by a little village community, how that astonishing effect was obtained, the remembrance of which is as fresh in my mind as it was ten years ago. I wanted to trace this to its source, in short, to learn the process by which such a result was attained. Although there was a well-founded report, that the Ammergau peasants did not like to have their preparations and practising watched by strange eyes,—from a modest appreciation of their position and capabilities, and the idea that they gave what they could, and only expressed what they felt,—yet I determined to make the attempt.

In spite of the bitter winter, which I feared would be sharper and colder in the mountains, I set out for Ammergau, and climbed among black pines groaning under their load of snow, and bare beeches which, by the sudden arrival of winter, had not been allowed time wholly to shake off their dry, red-brown leaves—then along the frozen Starnberg lake, that looked like a gigantic mirror, and so to the impenetrable clouds, behind which the mountains sat proudly and invisibly enthroned, till I reached the foot of the Peissenberg. Late in the evening, a post-omnibus, and then a post-wagon, brought me to the end of my winter journey, and set me down before the friendly door of the renowned "Schwabenthurm." In spite of the snow-storm, a long row of lighted windows glimmered above, and a march, executed by a

band with power and firmness, gave me a shrill greeting. I seemed to have hit the right moment, for the talkative postilion confided to me, as I alighted, that thirty men, who formed the musical troupe of Ammergau, were at that moment practising the march, with which, according to ancient custom, their guests were welcomed on the evening before the plays, and which also waked them on the mornings of the same.

I was soon seated in the corner of the plain guest-room, undisturbed by anyone's noticing the stranger, who might well be taken for a travelling clerk, the designation they are fond of giving to all business travellers in the country. Meanwhile I had leisure to contemplate the room and the company, with the aid of a glass of Murnauer beer, which, if it is of like good quality at the time of the Miracle Play, will go far to reinstate the drooping fame of the Bavarian national drink. The ceiling of the wainscoted room is old, and along its rafters is placed a row of carved escutcheons—a remembrance of the times when the commerce of the world passed, from the south, through Partenkirchen and Ammergau, and the Ammergauers received an Imperial grant, that all wares should be stored and carried further on their way by them alone. The full stream of commerce and riches has long since floated away, and left no sign of its existence, save the arms of the merchants and bale-carriers. The persons in the room with me had a peculiar stamp, quite different from that one is accustomed to meet in villages. The greater part consisted of young people, who entertained themselves with card-playing, in an interested but quiet manner. The typical grey jacket, with standing collar, was the only provincial thing about them. The shape of the head, the long waving hair, the well-cared-for beards, made me think of a party of painters and art-students. This comparison is not, indeed, an unfair one, for, since the former wells of business were dried up, the occupation of wood-carving has taken its place in Ammergau, and is carried on at present by more than three-quarters of the inhabitants. Many of them were evidently to take part in the Miracle Play, and had already begun conforming their outward appearance to their intended characters.

I found out by a little superficial questioning, that every Sunday a rehearsal for the play was held, and every Thursday one for the music, and that at those times half of the Play was performed. The next day was Sunday, and if I did not wish to spend my time in vain, I must hasten directly to the parsonage, a cloister-like deserted

building, that certainly does not make an agreeable impression on the beholder. All the pleasanter seemed the friendliness of Herr Müller, the Priest, who listened to my wish, in the most benevolent manner, but, to my no small chagrin, declared, at the same time, the probable impossibility of its fulfillment, because during the short time of his official position there, it has been the people's fixed determination to admit no stranger at their rehearsals. It was still more sorry comfort, when he went on to say, that he could not make the request, on that day—they had hoped for milder weather, in order that they might rehearse in the theatre itself, prepared for the Play, and had even removed the snow from it, but as new and deeper snow had immediately fallen, they had preferred to delay the whole thing. The sight of my disappointment, my humble eloquence, and above all, my foresight in bringing a letter of introduction from an influential friend, persuaded the kindly Priest to see, at least, if there might not be a rehearsal; and, if this was the case, he would visit the assembled actors,—as they alone could determine—and, if possible, bring about my admission. I must wait patiently at my Inn,—he would have me called if the answer was favourable, which he very much doubted.

While lingering over my mid-day meal, I discovered that they were preparing for a rehearsal, from the number of persons coming and going; but nobody seemed to want me. A quarter of an hour passed, and then others; till, thinking of the superscription over Dante's Hell, I had almost given up all hope, when the parish servant, or watchman, appeared to lead me to the much desired goal. I reached at last an exceedingly long hall, formed by throwing down some partitions, but crammed with men, and found myself in the midst of the actors already in the full tide of rehearsing. At a table sat the Priest, with his predecessor, the Ecclesiastical Councillor Daisenberger, whom we have to thank for the text of the Miracle Play in its present form and arrangement, and who, after an active life of twenty-five years, had contented himself with a modest benefice, in order not to leave the village, that had become his home. One of the peasants, sitting near, had the Play-book open before him, and followed the words. That I might not disturb them, I made a slight inclination, retired to a window, and was soon entirely absorbed in the Play, the like of which I had never beheld.

I had already seen and joined in many rehearsals, but it was clear to me, at the first glance, that this was entirely different

from the usual method of handling plays. It was equally clear, whence arose the extraordinary effect, which must be conceded to the acting of these simple villagers. First of all the conviction was forced upon me, that the gravity of the subject, the weight of which moves a whole world, was impressed upon all the preparations, and stripped them of the haste, restlessness and distraction of mind, which belong to an ordinary rehearsal. The players do not think they are acting something which is far beyond them; in their parts they speak like themselves; they give their own simple sensations without any art, without any study—and, in this complete ingenuousness and simplicity, lies the secret of a truth to nature, artistically unattainable, and by it the effect is produced. No manager superintends the course of the scenes; no inspector watches over their regular succession; there is no need, for all listen and look on, in silent anticipation, and each person moves or speaks at the proper moment. The prompter was scarcely obliged to correct even a slight omission. Every speech was uttered without hesitation, and at exactly the right time; each movement was significant, and, in spite of the unfavourable surroundings, preventing a full development, even the great group-scenes were carried out with a quietness and certainty which excited astonishment. Thus, for example, in the scene of the seizure of Jesus upon the Mount of Olives, when sudden confusion comes upon the frightened soldiers with the quickness of lightning, on being brought face to face with Him, they fall one over the other, and yet the groups are well arranged, and all is done without a syllable beyond the dialogue, or a sign being given. The director of an ordinary stage has to prepare, command and—*swear*, in order to get the scenes properly arranged, and how far is any result he may attain behind what is here accomplished. The explanation is, however, close at hand.

Neither vanity nor the desire of gain brings these actors together; they consider it the fulfilment of a moral duty, and give themselves, body and soul, to the work. In their rendering of the Miracle Play, in their grasp of each scene and character, there is a stability arising from tradition, which, as a common possession, preserved in the memory, exists throughout the neighbourhood, so that it can be said, without exaggeration, that the different actors know all the parts by heart, as well as the manner and fashion in which each scene should be carried out. Every situation, every group has its historical treatment, and

the children when they take their places, in the less, as in the greater parts, know and understand them, only making use of their individuality for the faithful transmission of what has been received and is preserved. The same thing may be said of the processions and tableaux, so complicated that they are the wonder of all stage connoisseurs, and this wonder seems all the more natural when the working force is considered, for the play contains not less than one hundred and four speaking parts for men, and fifteen for women. Counting the mute characters, to the number of some two hundred and fifty; and including the children, the singing choir of guardian angels, the orchestra, the theatre people, the overseers, etc.,—the whole effective troupe amounts to nearly five hundred persons, more than half the usual inhabitants. It is a strict rule that only those born or naturalized in Ammergau shall assist; and if one now and then hears a slight hint that it will be difficult to find all the necessary talent among them, it is still apparent from what has been said that others cannot do so well as those born or bred in the place. Their knowledge of Sculpture, a kindred branch of Art, has been a great assistance to them.

It is indubitably an important fact that they endeavour at the division of the parts, (which are distributed by means of votes cast by representatives of the community) to retain those actors who have already proved their ability. Thus the sculptor Hett, who gives the character of the Apostle Peter with inimitable simple-heartedness, and his comrade, Lechner, who represents Judas excellently, have kept their parts, no less than the High-priest Caiaphas, Annas, Pilate, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea and others. The Christ has been lately chosen,—the former actor having left Ammergau—and certainly Joseph Maier, a young man with a tall, slender figure, earnest expression, thick dark beard and rich long hair, a worthy bearing and good voice, will not be very inferior to his predecessor. The character of Mary is also taken by a new person, Franziska Flunger, the daughter of the sculptor and drawing master, who, formerly, twenty years ago acted the part of Christ, and now again repeats that of the High-priest, Annas; and she has a slender, gentle, maidenly appearance, a mild and pleasing expression of face, and an agreeable voice, not too loud, while she certainly avoids the high, shrill tones, from which the former Virgin was not free. Her appearance makes a decided impression, when Christ at parting from His mother, thanks her for the love and care

given to Him during three-and-thirty years; and she, who must then have been really a middle-aged woman, stands before Him in youthful maidenhood. But the appearance of the Madonna as a young woman, has grown in the minds of the people, so that she can never be represented otherwise than as the possessor of immortal youth. Finally a new actor for the loving youth St. John, has been found in the person of John Zwink, a young man who so entirely fulfils the traditional appearance, that, in the usual dress, he must give the impression of having just stepped from the frame of an old picture of the crucifixion. Martha and Mary are also happily chosen, the former being a simple, painstaking housewife, the latter having a more ideal, enthusiastic and womanly nature.

During the rehearsal, many were the shy, anxious questions put to me,—if I was contented, and if I found anything to criticize? They begged me to say what I thought, that they might correct any mistake; but I was very careful not to speak of faults. How could I say that here and there the guttural tone, common to the Ammergauers as to the Tyrolese, sounded too strongly; or that the word "Father" was spoken too sharply; or how could I mention that, according to the rules of art, and an educated standard, some sentence would be differently formed?

I was convinced that the whole should be left undisturbed in its *naïveté*, and in the peculiarity of its primitive signification, and that these could not be touched without the risk of creating uncertainty, and, with it, artificiality.

In the evening a happy party was assembled;—after the shyness, occasioned by the presence of a stranger, had been overcome, I was no longer a stranger, but considered as one of the family, into the midst of which I was allowed to enter. They wished to show me, that the first guest of the Miracle Play was welcome. We sat for a long time in confidential talk—Peter, who with his noble countenance, bald head, and beard, might serve a painter for a model at any moment; Judas, with his full red-beard, pale subtle face and dark eyes, full of peculiar fire; Annas with a grey-black beard and a countenance of thoughtful earnestness, not to say melancholy. They are simple, well-instructed, honest men, whose days flow smoothly on, occupied with a business, which can scarcely be called lucrative, and whose lives are marked by the epochs of the Miracle Play, as the history of the world is divided by its great and striking events. They rejoice

with their whole souls over the growing interest taken in their Play, and are not less anxious to be successful in satisfying it. It is certain, that the parts they have formerly taken are embalmed as treasures in their memory, and Annas seemed to remember, with a species of awe, the time when he had enacted the Holy One, and hung upon the cross. It was interesting to hear how he had to gain courage the first time he was lifted with the cross, from whose height (three yards from his feet to the ground) he seemed to look down into an abyss; how the cross, in spite of its apparent immobility, always shook, and seemed about to fall; how the strongest nerves were necessary not to be seized with dizziness and overpowered with horror. During the hanging on the cross, which lasts over a quarter of an hour, although the body is supported by a girdle, and the arms are lightly bound, there comes, at last, a painful exertion upon the muscles of the breast, and the hands became dark blue, so that when taken from the cross any quick movement must be carefully avoided.

The conversation turned on the preparations for the Play, during the ten years interval, when different dramatic representations, for practice in theatrical skill, are allowed. These took place, formerly, in an old abandoned threshing-floor; then, on special occasions the stage of the great theatre, (which always remains standing,) and the space reserved for spectators, were employed. They were mostly religious plays, such as "The School of the Cross," "Saint Hermingild," or "The Foundation of the Ettal Convent." Secular plays were not, however, wanting; among them Körner's "Toni," or "The Carbuncle" of Count Pocci, or even Schiller's "William Tell" — no small undertaking for a village. The day afterwards I frequented the school-house, which contains a studio, where the architectural mouldings for the proscenium and the principal gables of the middle stage were being painted, and I saw with pleasure, that they had noted a decided blemish, and had tried to arrange the stiff architecture in the streets of Jerusalem after a rigid historical type. I observed the same endeavor in regard to the costumes. They occupied one whole story of a pretty country house, which a wealthy burger of Ammergau — the singer of the prologue — has built for himself on a pleasant spot, and there he superintended the fabrication of the new dresses and the re-arrangements of the old. Busy and industrious sewers sat in a hall, while a large room near by was filled with materials of various sorts. The costumes

are made as nearly historical as possible, and, in general, the pictures of the Alliioli Bible are followed.

A visit to the stage made me wonder anew at the additional effect produced by its arrangement and position. They enclose a huge four-cornered space, in the centre of which is placed a theatre, with a depth for twelve side-scenes, and capable of being shut off by a curtain of the usual form. This is placed against the further wall, and leaves a large space to serve for the proscenium, and side spaces to be used as the streets of Jerusalem. The two front corners of the centre stage, formed by opposite buildings, are the palaces of Pilate and Herod, with two stories, so that not less than eight spaces are given, in which different groups can act and be arranged at the same time, in a way that none of our modern theatres could possibly place them. Such effects as the entrance into Jerusalem, or the scene where the Holy One is brought before the raging people, who demand the release of Barabbas, can only be produced by these means. There is evidently a remnant of the ancient stage in the proscenium, united with parts of the arrangements of the Mystery Plays of the Middle Ages, a combination capable of rich development.

Towards evening, that I might carry away with me a complete picture, I went to a hall, not particularly favourable for sound, where there was a musical rehearsal, and, if my astonishment for days past had been great, I must acknowledge that of this evening was far greater. In fact, I did not believe one could find a village where so admirable an orchestra, provided with every kind of instrument, and a singing choir of some twenty voices, could carry out a musical work, containing over forty parts, so purely, precisely, and, one may even say, beautifully. The power and freshness of the women's and men's voices were as pleasant as they were unexpected, and among the solos were several, which would have been well received on many stages. The music was composed by an Ammergauer, the former teacher, Dedler, after the style of Haydn's oratorios, in which the chords are not complicated; the whole is simple, but melodious, and although childlike not trivial, and the chorus rises at times to a height in which one feels the talent of the unknown country schoolmaster. This is especially the case in the opening, in the Halleluja at the close, and in the duet from Solomon's Song, full of sweetness and depth. The instrumentation has been much strengthened by a well known Munich music master, and thus enabled to fill the

large space. The choir of singing guardian angels, which appears at the breaks in the drama, like the ancient chorus to enliven the general tone, as well as to explain the inserted tableaux from the Old Testament, is, in comparison with former attempts, considerably improved, and contains, as well as expresses, superior power. Yet they are not content, but are seeking a first singer, whom they cannot find at home; but they have hope of one now in a convent, who is about to take the veil. A deputation had gone to bring her, but it was difficult to obtain her assistance — her desire is only to be able to aid in the Miracle Play, and then retire for ever to her cell. Great and universal was the anxiety to know whether they would succeed in gaining her consent.

So far the intention of my winter journey had been fully accomplished. There remained, over and above, a day for wandering through the village itself, visiting several houses, and giving a look at the workshops of the wood-carvers. There are few houses in which one does not find a sculpturing bench, and a rack beside with many knives, chisels, graving tools, saws, and all the necessary utensils to change the blocks and logs of apple and pear wood, or of oak and spindle wood, into crucifixes, madonnas, saints, or other figures. I found friend Judas just working out the raw material for a flight into Egypt, the virgin riding on an ass, and he was about to begin a pretty little figure of Walter von der Vogelweide leaning on his harp. There were a great many frames of various sorts, and children's toys made of pine wood, which were painted with a variety of favorite colours. There are a few tradesmen who buy the finished wares from the sculptors, and thus keep up a small business — retaining them for sale in their shops — yet there are many, who work on their own account, or in partnership with some companions. Commerce has even here, by a free movement, burst the chains that bound her. The old people and the children help with the more common work, and maidens often sit at the carving bench, — for example, the future Virgin and her sisters. This, however, does not prevent them from doing their housework, or in summer, — for the people hereabouts all possess some little piece of land, — from going out to the fields and meadows, with scythes and rakes, to make hay. The streets of the village are scattered, and the houses have a well-built look, with springing gabled roofs, and various complicated arabesques about the windows, and often a sacred picture tolera-

bly well painted on the walls. There are many old houses, built half of boards, and half supported on simple wooden rafters; the eye loves to linger on these, much more than on the neat new buildings of masonry. When the morning of departure came, I drove in a sleigh through the streets towards Ettal, whence I intended to reach the Loisachgebiet. The farewells of those whose acquaintance I had so quickly and pleasantly made, and the oft repeated wish, that I should return to see the *real* Miracle Play, accompanied me on my way. For a moment, even the mountains, which, in spite of their nearness, had persistently remained invisible, seemed to think better of it, and to wish to show a little politeness at the end of my visit. The clouds began to lift, and Kofel, with its sharp, rocky pinnacles, that stand just in the centre behind Ammergau, giving a peculiar character to the whole landscape, took off his cap, as a greeting. Here, at the foot of the cone, according to King Maximilian's wish, the stage for the Miracle Play should have been erected, because he found a striking resemblance between the two opposite heights, and a site with the remains of a Roman amphitheatre at Palermo. It was, however, never done; partly on account of the distance and the damp ground, but, chiefly, because the Kofel is an uncanny companion, in whose chamois-haunted clefts there is perpetual movement and mist, so that it is difficult to keep up a friendly intercourse with him. The sun came out a minute as we reached the corner of the mountain, around which the Ammer flows. The view of the Graswanger valley was spread out before me, wonderful, even in its winter dress. The grey rocks seemed touched, in spots, with white lights, from the snow patches; black forests of fir trees, silvered over, stood out in strong shadow; and, here and there, rose the beeches still clothed with leaves in their kindly warmth of red-brown. On the sharp sides of the Nothberg hung a mighty frozen waterfall, like an inverted pillar of green crystal, and a single sunbeam lighted up the tops of the mountains in the background. My driver rejoiced at the pleasure I took in the landscape.

"Yes," he said trustfully, "if people only knew it the winter is very beautiful with us, and, if it was only clear, we could see the Brunnenkopf, which is the most beautiful of all, but he will not appear to-day — he is covered with clouds."

I passed quickly through Murnau to Weilheim, and, from thence, took the rail for the Frauen-church towers; and as I have

now talked much of the Miracle Play of Ammergau, and excited in many the desire to see it, so I would advise all strangers to choose this route; it is shorter and much more agreeable; carriages and good accommodations are also provided, and a beautiful summer, inducing one to travel, follows upon the three days' carnival. Whoever goes to Ammergau will never repent it. The man who possesses religious belief will receive an uplifting and lasting impression — the worldly minded will stand astonished before a play, the only one of its kind existing in the world and which shows that public spirit can produce inspiration and harmony.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN.

THE following delineation of the character of a remarkable man has been attempted in accordance with the suggestions of some among the friends of the late Thomas Erskine, who have thought that those who knew him personally would value any sketch, however slight, which would serve to remind them of intercourse they valued. The present writer could not attempt to address a larger audience than that implied in these words. No doubt a true picture of his life would possess interest for many besides his personal friends, for he lived through a time of great mental development, and his influence on it in his own country has not been trifling. His books, all written about forty years ago, are the expression of a spirit with which the religious mind most characteristic of our day is strongly in sympathy; and in looking back now we can see that it was a lofty peak that reflected the morning light so early. An estimate of his influence in transmitting that light would form an interesting contribution to the history of religious thought; but it demands powers I do not possess and a space which could not here be accorded it. What follows is written for his friends, and cannot justify itself to those who are not already interested in him.

There are special difficulties in thus addressing those who share with the writer the sense of loss. It is difficult to speak without exaggeration at such a time, it is also difficult to avoid the opposite danger of dwelling too much on limitations. I should have been silenced by the sense of these opposing temptations and some others, but that the hope afforded of, in some degree, deepening and giving shape to

recollections so precious to his friends, seemed worth the risk of putting forth what may possess little interest for others. The attempt to give some record of a striking personal character when the chief material for that record is the impression left on the memory of friends, is often mistaken, yet it is natural that it should be made, and where the form is fugitive, failure is of little importance.

If Mr. Erskine had died thirty years ago, it is possible that any such memorial as is attempted here might have taken a different form, and been addressed to a wider audience. The volumes which appeared from his pen during the second and third decade of this century, went through many editions (one of them reached a ninth in a few years), and exercised, no one can doubt, an appreciable influence on the course of thought in his own country. But in the thirty-three years which have elapsed since the last of these books — the volume on Election — was given to the world, that thought has taken other forms, and it is difficult now to put ourselves back into the position of those whom he then addressed. If we review the most striking movements of the thought of our day, we shall find that at the period here spoken of they were all in their infancy. Forty years ago the High Church party did not exist, and all that upheaval of thought which we associate with that movement, though a great deal is in direct antagonism to it, was only just beginning to be apparent. To be religious then meant to be an Evangelical. It must strike every one who turns back to the memoirs of this period, that people were then almost entirely divided into "the world" and "the religious world." They either took an interest in religion as something specific and technical, or they did not regard it as a subject of thought at all. We meet with active and sympathetic minds, during this period, full of interest in all that concerns humanity, and many of them no doubt finding something valuable in the outward practices of religion, who yet, as far as their most characteristic utterances go, might have been Pagans. On the other hand, the language of all distinctly religious persons in the early part of the century, so far as we can judge from books, has in it always something that would need translation, if it were to be made intelligible to ordinary people. Now no one would say this is true of the present day. Any one who has any religious truth in communicate, endeavours to express it to ordinary language; and, on the other hand, the kind of distant respect to religion, as a valuable set

of technicalities with which the lay world need not intermeddle, has also completely passed away. It is difficult for us, therefore, to appreciate the influence of volumes which were among the first to protest against this divorce of thought as concerned with the ground of our being, and as concerned with every other subject of interest. We can hardly imagine the effect, at that time, of utterances that told of a redeeming love embracing all mankind, not in some vague technical sense, but in the literal meaning in which it is applicable to a mother's love for every one of her children. The discovery that love has not one meaning for God and another for man, that religion is not a web of legal fiction, that the powers exercised in the study of all history and all science find their highest exercise in the study of the relation between God and man — this is not an experience probably which a seeker of the present day would associate with the sense of relief. To feel through vital experience the truth of these things, must be about as great a deliverance from evil at one time as at another; but so far as they can be presented to us in words, the ideas are familiar. Forty years ago the ideas were not only unfamiliar, they seemed presumptuous heresy. It was said of the one of Mr. Erskine's books which has been mentioned above, by a Scotch clergyman, himself a great friend of Mr. Erskine (Sir Henry Moncrieff, who wrote the life of his uncle Dr. Erskine), that "it ought to be burnt by the common hangman." How far Mr. Erskine was himself an agent in breaking through the hard Calvinism which was then thought orthodoxy, I have said that I am quite unfitted to investigate; but there can be no doubt that his writings were a channel through which many of those convictions, which are now common property, have entered into the spiritual life of our time.

It is not altogether easy to say why the last thirty-three years of his life produced no successors to these volumes. He was not only constantly occupied with the subjects therein dealt with, but was always ready to express the results at which he had arrived, and the circumstances of his life, unshackled by either professional or domestic ties, or those bonds of party which are felt by all who associate themselves with any ecclesiastical movement, would have seemed peculiarly favourable for giving a literary form to this expression. While bound to all mankind by a peculiarly vivid sense of all that is common to humanity, and bound to those with whom he had any spiritual sympathy by a special

delight in this sympathy, he yet might have uttered his convictions as the convictions of an individual without considering whether any one else was compromised by so doing. He was free from even the bonds of an adhesion to his own uttered belief, and one instance of this fearless inconsistency is so characteristic of him that it may be given here. In the year 1830 some remarkable manifestations of what was supposed to be a supernatural influence took place in the west of Scotland, and Mr. Erskine was so powerfully attracted to those among whom they appeared, that he (though a most fastidious man in his personal habits) took up his abode for a time among the uneducated persons who formed the medium of this strange excitement, whatever it might be. In his "Brazen Serpent" he thus speaks of these manifestations, "I cannot but tell what I have seen and heard. I have heard persons, both men and women, speak with tongues and prophesy, that is, speak in the Spirit to edification and exhortation and comfort. And I am compelled to regard these things as strong confirming signs of a great approaching crisis, which I believe to be no less than the reappearing of the Son of Man upon the earth." To this declaration he refers in an appendix to his book on the "Doctrine of the Election" in the following words: "Since writing," the passage quoted above, "I have come to think differently, and I now do not believe that the remarkable manifestations which I witnessed in certain individuals about eight years ago, were the miraculous gifts of the Spirit of the same character as those of which we read in the New Testament. To some it may appear," he goes on after a tribute to those in whom these manifestations appeared, of whose character his first opinion had remained unchanged, "as if I were assuming an importance to myself by publishing my change of opinion, but I am in truth only clearing my conscience, which requires me publicly to withdraw a testimony I had publicly given, when I no longer believe it myself." I think the humility and courage of these words will make every reader who cared for Mr. Erskine thankful to have them quoted here, as recalling to their memory qualities which they can hardly ever have seen more strikingly illustrated; but they are given in this place to exhibit his perfect freedom from that demand for consistency with an expressed opinion, which is quite as much an entanglement as the bonds of party. That with all these exceptional advantages he published nothing during the last quarter of his life, after having been the author of works which

had a considerable influence during his earlier years, was by no means to be ascribed to any satisfaction with these works, or to a sense that he had said all he had to say. The truth was very much the contrary. He spoke of them in his later years with great distaste, and never would allow them to be republished, while he was interrupted by illness in an attempt to give his latest thoughts to the world. He very much exaggerated, I believe, the extent to which the earlier works failed to represent this latest thought, but it is true that he had in this last period of his life entered on a new region, in which all that he had to say would have taken a very different form. It is hardly an exaggeration to affirm that every opportunity of intercourse, in the last years of his life, was used by him as a means of pouring into another mind the convictions which filled his own, or at least of attempting to do so, and what follows is an endeavour to reproduce the impression made on an individual mind by these conversations.

The starting-point of his train of thought was, to use his own words, that Christianity should be associated, "not with history so much as with science." That it took its rise in a certain set of events notified to us by trustworthy witnesses, no one could believe more distinctly than he; but he regarded it so much more as a revelation of laws than as a revelation of facts, that at times he seemed to lay very little stress upon the facts. His interest in all historical criticism was feeble, whether a particular event had or had not happened always seemed subordinate in his mind to the question, which most persons would consider must come afterwards — Whether it illustrated any great principle? — a question indeed, which seemed with him almost a test of fact. On the other hand, he was specially anxious to give his speculations a form which might commend them to scientific men, evidently feeling that, however different their conclusions, his method was much nearer to theirs than to that of any biblical critic. For the invisible world appeared to him to be the subject of laws just as open to investigation, and far more permanent than those by which the outward universe is governed, these laws forming the object of revelation, while the events by which they were illustrated, however important in themselves, might be accurately remembered without any real understanding of what was intended by them. He thought that those were hardly in a right attitude with regard to Christ who approached Him from the side of His historical manifestation

in this world; at all events, this was not the side on which he discerned the full meaning of His presence and of His work. It was not as a particular person made known to us through an authenticated narrative, but as an Eternal Being, revealed through the very conceptions we were forced to form of our Creator, that we were to be led to the Son of God. He was a being witnessed by the conscience, quite apart from his revelation in history. There was a demand continually pressed on us by the conscience for qualities which, unless we believed in a Son of God, must be peculiar to humanity, and have nothing Divine in their nature. Now it was to him as impossible that we could possess any kind of goodness which had not been first in God, as it is that in the world of nature force should be originated; and the constant demand on us for the filial virtues — for that attitude of spirit which, whether we call it obedience, submission, or faith, he regarded as the one sole necessity of our being — amounted with him to a positive demonstration of its existence in our Creator. The God in whom there was no place for submission, for humility, for obedience, seemed to him no object for our worship. We needed a Divine pattern or type — needed not in the sense of wanting it for our help or government — but needed as the plant needs a root. Apart from this Divine root, the idea of virtue would, he thought, present a contradiction — an actual superiority in man to his Creator. If man alone could obey and trust, then the highest range of our goodness would be something separate from the goodness of God. The eternity of filial existence was to him a law of that higher world of which the world of nature was a kind of parable, and the manifestation of this filial existence in time was a matter entirely separable from it, however closely the two were connected.

Now starting from this idea of the filial God as a being made known to us through the conscience, it seemed to him that man's life on this earth took a different aspect from that which it usually bears in the eyes of religious persons. The phrase which elicited his strongest antagonism was the description of this world as "a state of probation." "A state of probation!" — he exclaimed in one of his outpourings — "God looking at us to see what we are going to do! What nonsense that is." The belief that we were under the education of a Father, seemed to him wholly irreconcilable with any relic of the other view. God could not be both trying us and educating us; He could not be both a Judge and a Father. No one could both take up the

attitude which was demanded by his being on his trial, and enter into that calm confidence which was the appropriate spirit of a son. The laws of something much more permanent than nature testified to him of a Divine Being, who exercised in its fullest extent all that filial spirit which the Scriptures sum up in the word Faith. We, as springing from this root, were called upon to admit fully to every part of our being the whole efflux of this spirit, which needed our mere reciprocity in order to fill it all. But this was impossible while we retained any notion of being on our trial. So far as we were under probation, we were cut off from Christ. Indeed, the first approach to this life of Faith consisted in laying aside every feeling of being upon trial. The doubt, the anxiety, which were a part of the one condition were positive hindrances to the other, barring the passage to that faith which, fully manifested in Christ, would manifest itself also in all who would accept his attitude, and in them alone. The sense of being upon trial was an obstruction which must be removed before the sap would rise from the root into the branches, and apart from that sap the branches could bear no fruit. He did not, of course, suppose that "the judgments of God" were words without meaning. But the fact that these judgments were a part of our training, that their object in all cases was the education of the person judged and not the vindication of an abstract justice, or the re-ult upon any other mind seemed to him to remove them from all the associations we have with the office of a Judge and to make that word unfit to express the relation of God to his creatures. It need hardly be said (but any suggestion of his train of thought would be very incomplete without it) that what we call death was in his belief no interruption to this Fatherly training of our spirits, or that he believed that in any case it could be finally ineffectual. He felt that to limit education to the range of our short life in this world, to suppose that what we see here is a complete exhibition of the training which fits us to enter into the Righteousness of God, is, in fact, to give up altogether the idea of education, and return to that conception of a Divine love distinct from human love, a Divine justice distinct from human justice, against which his whole utterance was a protest.

It was the perception of this purpose in God which he associated with the word Faith. He thought that those grievously misinterpreted the whole meaning of the Bible, and specially the writings of St. Paul, who regarded Faith (as I suppose

many did in his own country) as a kind of substitute for righteousness, appropriate to a fallen and imperfect condition, but different from that goodness in which we had been originally created, and in which we should be hereafter restored. *Pistis* — he liked to use the Greek word, to displace the fallacious associations which had gathered round its English equivalent — was simply the right condition of a creature. There never could have been in the past, there never would be in the future, a time when we should be "set right" by any other act than the awakening of this receptive spirit within us. When Habakkuk declared, "The just shall live by faith," or, as Mr. Erskine liked to read it, "He who is set right by trust shall live," he was not making a kind of prophecy, or a declaration of a certain tribute which was rewarded by salvation, he was enunciating the great law of the dynamics of the moral world. And this dim vision of the old prophet, awakening to a moral Cosmos governed by fixed laws was echoed with a fuller meaning by St. Paul when he declared that his "good news" was the "dynamic force which set men right;" — thus Mr. Erskine liked to translate the words which he thought had lost their meaning for us as the "power of God unto salvation." The apostle took the place of the Newton of the spiritual world, declaring to us the one mighty principle corresponding to gravitation in the visible universe, which kept all things in order. And this great principle, declared by St. Paul, had been demonstrated when Christ, the man who lived entirely by faith, arose from the dead, because in Him the power of life was strong enough to overcome the principle opposed to life. His resurrection was the exhibition of the perfect triumph of Trust over Death.

It is not very easy, in a small space, to exhibit the wide divergence of this view of faith, as a knowledge of the laws of the invisible world indispensable to any successful action in that region; and the common view — especially, I suppose, the view common in Scotland — of the miraculous effect of a certain set of opinions, as title-deeds to eternal blessedness. Mr. Erskine was never weary of trying to enforce the difference of the two. He would again and again recur to the inappropriateness of mere effort to produce that condition which was demanded by the conscience. A man might as well desire midnight to become mid-day, he would say, as endeavour to exchange spite or mortification for love. To see that we ought to love did not help us one step on our way towards loving.

But this exhibition of love as the law of life, existing in God apart from the act of creation; of righteousness in God as identical with a love for every individual soul, and a purpose to communicate that righteousness to every individual soul quite distinct from the soft, good-natured indulgence which is so often associated with the word *love*, had, it seemed to him, an actual power to kindle in the perceiving heart the love we could never awaken by any exertion of will on our part while it was demanded by a voice no human being could ignore. This once perceived, everything fell into its right place. We were "set right;" our efforts were based on a knowledge of the laws of the unseen world, and ceased to be futile.

Such were the utterances which linger in the memories of his friends, with strangely varied associations of solemnity or oddness, with quiet fields and the shadow of waving trees, or with the little bustle of a dinner party, and the inappropriate accompaniment of clattering plates and desultory small-talk. The inner associations are as varied as the outer. Sometimes his words came home to his hearers like the resolution of a discord; sometimes amusement at the quaint inappropriateness of the occasion chosen disturbed the hearer's attention; sometimes weariness at the monotony of the theme was the uppermost feeling for the moment; and sometimes his eagerness for some instantaneous expression of delight made one feel that he expected words to take the place of things. "Ah, you are not understanding me!" was his frequent exclamation, when his hearer, perhaps, let the often-repeated exposition pass in silence; and few traits of character recur with a more penetrating sense of moral beauty than the sweet playful smile with which on one such occasion he received his hearer's confession that the sympathy, which had at first been abundant, was exhausted by incessant repetition. The same feeling manifested itself in a playful criticism on Socrates, after reading a new translation of the "Dialogues of Plato." "I delight in his unblushing tedium!" he exclaimed, with a humorous glance at the person who had confessed to being weary of his own pourings. "Such impudent repetition as he allows himself!" The radiance of that sense of drolle-ry that sparkled in his eye cannot be recalled, and the mere words are meagre. But it would be impossible to speak of him at all without dwelling on this sense of the humorous, which gave relief to the intensity of his demand for spiritual sympathy. I well re-

member how he would suddenly modulate from his deepest tone of feeling into his peculiar enjoying laughter, when, after his usual protests against the theory of "life as probation," he would repeat, with indescribable relish, a piece of natural theology from a sermon he had once heard. "And what were rocks made for, my brethren? Even that mariners might avoid them." "That is my belief," he would add, with a full appreciation of the Irish proceeding thus ascribed to the Creator; and his frank acceptance of the absurdity lingers in the memory like some subtle perfume, so closely does it bind the deepest and the lightest parts of his nature.

Perhaps it will seem to some readers that the manner in which Mr. Erskine's views are brought forward implies a somewhat exaggerated view of their originality. He was not a very wide reader, and I sometimes thought he over-rated the extent to which his views were peculiar. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than when he discovered that he had done so. He read with the greatest delight a tract by Mr. R. H. Hutton, in the series of "Tracts for Priests and People," containing the views which were substantially his own (though arrived at quite independently of him, and at a time when I believe Mr. Hutton had never heard his name), and I vividly remember the expression of relief in his voice, when, after listening to something of the same nature, he said, like one who felt a heavy weight grow lighter, "Ah, now I care less that what I write should be published, since I see there are others who feel it." He was urgent in season and out of season in impressing his views on any one who came in contact with him, because he believed them to contain the medicine for all the ills of humanity, but that they should be remembered as *his* views was a matter of absolute indifference to him.

If I were to venture on the natural though perilous attempt to indicate the kind of position he occupied by reference to some name better known than his, I should, though with much hesitation, select that of Coleridge. It would be of course absurd to compare the two men, but in some ways their influence was analogous. Each gave out his thoughts in what seemed the fragments of some magnificent whole, and were never more than fragments, and each occupied a position of sympathy with cherished beliefs which he approached from a side quite unknown to those who had been accustomed to cherish them. Each, I imagine the parallel might conclude, exercised an influence over thinkers of their day (of

course in a very unequal degree,) of which their published writings afford no measure. The name, at all events, is mentioned here to suggest at least superficially the kind of place Mr. Erskine occupied towards those among the thinkers of his day—and they were not few—who came at one time or another under his influence. But it was not so much by communication of thought—it was by a kind of manifestation of the invisible world—that he laid hold of those who came near him. “Everything that reminds me of God reminds me of you,” was said to him in a letter by one of the deepest thinkers of our day, and one least prone to such expression, the late A. J. Scott. An unwise friend once repeated the words to him long after they had been uttered, and he turned away almost with horror, but it was an assertion that might have been echoed, I believe, by every one who ever knew him intimately. “My soul is athirst for God,” could have been said more truly by no man than by him, and it is difficult now ever to think of that after which he thirsted without recalling him.

His life recurs to one's memory like the sigh of an exile. He never took root in this world. All the power of suffering, all the exercise of thought, which most men spread over the varied intercourse of human life, and the hopes and fears of its “business and desire,” were with him concentrated upon that side of our nature that looks towards the unseen world. It was not that he did not feel deep and lively affections; his friendships were all very deep and permanent. Two persons, both his contemporaries, and both of whom passed away in the early prime of life, were familiar to all who entered into any deep communion with him. One was his elder brother, of whom he used to speak with a change of voice and countenance that made one feel as if it could have been but a few weeks since the two were separated. “Fifty years have passed since he went,” he said, a few years ago, “and it seems to me as if it were yesterday!” This young man must have made a strong impression on others than his own family, for, many years after his death, General Elphinstone, our commander-in-chief in the Afghan war, on hearing Mr. Erskine's name, asked if he were brother to Captain Erskine, of such and such a regiment, and, on being answered in the affirmative, said, “He was the best soldier and the best man I ever knew.” I shall never forget the voice in which Mr. Erskine repeated these words. The other person whose influence upon him was so deep and permanent that it was impossible to know him intimately

without receiving a strong impression of her, was Madame de Staël's daughter, the saintly and beautiful Duchess de Broglie, whom he described as “one in whom the world could find nothing to lay hold of.” He knew her at a later period of his life, and her influence over him had therefore a more mature character to work upon, though in other respects his brother was the exception when he spoke of her as having set almost the deepest mark on his life. These two strong affections are mentioned here as an indication of the permanence of all strong feeling in his nature. Since these two persons had passed away from this world, generations had come and gone, new interests had arisen, and old ones had grown dim. But the impression they had left on his mind had not grown dim; they were still distinct, living influences to him, always emerging from the depths of tender memory whenever he revisited the past, and recalled those types of divine love by which his life had been enriched and enlightened. There was something peculiarly appropriate to the impression made by him, moreover, in the fact that those he loved best should have entered very early into the unseen world, and that his love for them should, during the greater part of his sojourn here, be steeped in the awe with which we think of that unseen world, whenever it is turned into a living reality for us by the presence of those who have entered into our heart of hearts.

There were many others whom he loved—not in the same degree, but with the same kind of enduring, imperishable love—and the bond of a common humanity was so strong with him that it did not seem to need *preference* in order to bring out much of what we generally suppose the result of personal friendship. His most prominent interests lay in the region below all individual idiosyncrasies, and were shared with all. Nor must it be thought that he was incapable of appreciating others than those who responded to his demand for spiritual sympathy. His sense of humour, and his taste for all that was original and rare, was a bond with many whom this demand, of itself, would have repelled. “He is a *vernacular* man,” was one of his most frequent and characteristic expressions of eulogy, and he would ask, as a kind of test of a common understanding, “Do you know what I mean by a *vernacular* man?” He himself afforded an instance, in no common degree, of the character which he indicated by that word—that which avoids conventional forms of thought, and speaks its own dialect. His reminiscences, for instance, of the Scotch Bar in the early part of this century, when

he was an advocate, led him into a sympathetic recollection of some men who were anything but saints, and he never referred to them with that sense that between him and them was a great gulf fixed, which sometimes makes the allusions of religious people to men of the world so jarring. There was in him nothing of that hard exclusiveness which we associate with the word narrow, there was the very opposite extreme to that spirit. He had an absolute confidence of the highest blessedness for every human creature which I never saw in any one else, and which was no mere doctrine in his mind, but its most vivid, animating principle. And yet with all this range of sympathy it would be untrue not to add that there was a sense in which he was narrow. Except where his sense of humour was touched, he too exclusively regarded his fellow-men as pilgrims towards eternity. The most solemn aspect of human life was too invariably before his eyes. Sin, and the deliverance from sin, were too constantly (though with the exceptions above mentioned) the object on which his gaze was intently directed. He was at times aware of this conflict between the varied interests of a complete life and his view of the aim of that life. "Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly," he murmured once, more to himself than his companion, "one does not see how to think of them and of the Cross together." He would never have excluded the Shakesperian element; in his earlier years it engaged a very large proportion of his interest. But it was a decreasing proportion, and in his old age, when the mind most needs rest from arduous thought, he suffered from the want of light and varied interests. His friendships, tender and enduring as they were, were not of a kind to supply this kind of refreshment. His friends were precious to him, as has been said, as types of the love of God; the environment of earthly interests which gives a kind of intellectual exercise to love, had very little place in his feelings about them. If they suffered, his

thoughts passed at once to the purpose with which that suffering was sent, he could never linger in the region of events and circumstances, and though it is true that he thus escaped much pain, yet the suffering of an intense strain on one part of the nature was probably greater than that of sympathy with the vicissitude of human fate, which he escaped. His friends could not but lament this unvarying strain. They sometimes thought that even the truths on which his mind's eye was ever bent would have gained in force and distinctness if they had been seen against a background of commonplace interests, and been more largely illustrated by the accidents of this transitory life. But now to wish this had been the case seems like wishing to lose the recollection of one of the most striking individualities we have known. This preoccupation with the interests of another life seems like the glass tripod that isolates the electric fluid; to imagine him brought into the circle of average wishes and expectations and occupations, is to remove in thought what made himself. He would have been a happier, he might perhaps have been a more useful, man if it had been otherwise; but he would have been altogether another being from the man we knew.

He is one of those it is most natural to think of in the mysterious world that lies beyond the grave. He was never at home in this world, there was something in him that demanded a different atmosphere from ours. His realities all lay in the region we are tempted to consider unreal, the visible and tangible universe seemed to have no soil in which he could take root. There is a rest in thinking of him as having escaped from it, not only in that sense in which we trust it is to all the summons to a higher stage of development, but in that more special sense in which we may give thanks that one who long endured an ungenial climate is recalled to a region after which he has long panted and where he feels himself at home.

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OLD BOOKS IN AMERICA. — A remarkable book sale has lately taken place in America. The books were the property of a citizen of Chicago, and the collection, which contained about 7,000 volumes, was considered as ninth or tenth among the private libraries in America. Some idea of the spread of bibliomania among our Transatlantic cousins may be formed from the

fact, that John Eliot's translation of the Bible into the language of the Indians in New England, printed at Cambridge in 1663, sold for 1060 dollars, about 200*l.*; and Dibdin's "Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour," profusely illustrated, which had formerly belonged to Sir Francis Freeling, produced 1960 dollars, about 380*l.* Notes and Queries.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

PEOPLE who have been put to expense and annoyance are seldom able to take a candid view of the conduct of those of their neighbors who they think could have prevented it had they only been at the trouble to do so. It is quite natural, therefore, that the Canadians should regard the recent Fenian raid with the feelings described by the American correspondent of the *Times* in his letter of Monday. So long as no actual attempt had been made upon the Dominion it was conceivable that the Fenians in the United States might entertain exaggerated notions of the glory and plunder awaiting them on the other side of the frontier, and of the service they would do the cause of the Republic in Ireland by making the monarchy tremble in Canada. Further, it was difficult to predict how large a number would be influenced by the notions in question, and consequently with how formidable a force the Canadians would have to contend. While these uncertainties lasted, the Canadians were not likely to give much thought to the attitude of the United States in the business. Against a really serious danger they knew that they must look for protection to themselves alone. But as the real value of the invading organization became apparent the excitement and the sense of responsibility declined. Fenianism dwindled down from a danger to a nuisance; and now the feeling in Canada seems to be that whether the Americans do or do not wish to see the British provinces invaded in good earnest, they should at any rate not allow them to be subjected to a series of sham invasions in which the worst sufferers are the hen-roosts of the frontier settlers. These trumpety inroads, the Canadians say, are the necessary result of allowing Fenianism to exist as a distinct political organization—to hold meetings, to appoint officers, to collect subscriptions. If it were refused leave to keep itself before the public in this way, it would soon die a natural death, and in that case these military demonstrations would fail for want of cash wherewith to pay the railway fares of the invading army. Why should the United States Government wait until there is an actual movement of Fenians towards the border? Why not kill the mischief in the egg by withdrawing the tacit sanction hitherto given to it in its pre-belligerent stage?

The *Times*' correspondent thinks this feeling unreasonable. He argues that the United States authorities have shown themselves thoroughly in earnest in dealing with the recent raid, and that it would not be possi-

ble for them, under existing circumstances, to have applied any directly preventive treatment. We think he is right upon both points. The mere list of dates given in his letter is sufficient to establish the zeal of the United States Government in putting a check on the operations of the actual invaders. The Fenians began to move on Monday, the 23rd of May. The Cabinet met on the 24th, and the President's proclamation was immediately issued. On the 25th United States troops were converging from all quarters towards the threatened frontier, and on the same day O'Neil was arrested. By the 26th General Meade was commanding in person at St. Alban's, and the whole line of invasion was occupied by his soldiers. On the 27th the affair was over. We are bound to say that the promptitude of these movements contrasts favourably with the routine delays which enabled the *Alabama* to effect her escape. The United States Government are certainly entitled to the credit of having discharged an undoubted duty in a way which leaves no doubt of their genuine determination not to give Great Britain any cause to feel that their interpretation of international law has been at all affected by the subsisting dispute between the two countries. In expecting the United States to do more than they have done already, the Canadians seem to be guilty of the same mistake which the people of the Northern States made so consistently during and since the civil war. They expect their neighbors to sympathize with them as well as to do their duty by them. The American Government says in effect, Whenever any of our subjects attack Canada we will throw every obstacle in their path. The Canadians answer that a great many American subjects are constantly proclaiming their desire and intention of attacking Canada without being in any way interfered with by the United States authorities. In much the same way the English Government used to declare its readiness to act whenever any attempt was made to fit out Southern privateers in English docks—a declaration which was usually replied to by the quotation of some speech delivered at a meeting of persons sympathizing with the Southern States, and not disguising their intention of giving them material help so far as it might be in their power to do so. What was an unreasonable complaint on the part of the Americans is equally unreasonable on the part of the Canadians to-day. In no free State can the authorities control the expression of individual or associated opinion, so long as it does not involve those who entertain it in any breach of municipal law. Englishmen

had a perfect right to wish well to the cause of Southern independence, and Americans have a perfect right to wish well to the Irish republic. The United States Government are bound in the latter case, just as the English Government were bound in the former case, to take care that this moral sympathy does not lead to anything further, but there their obligation ends. We have just seen in the case of the Fenian invasion that this limitation does not prevent those to whom it attaches from putting a prompt stop to any overt acts against a friendly power. We still hope that at some future time the American people will recognize that the similar limitation to which we ourselves were subject was equally compatible with the maintenance of the neutrality to which we stood pledged.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE GRAND LAMA.

THOSE who have not forgotten one of the most amusing and instructive books ever written — the work of Messrs. Huc and Gabet on China and Thibet — will remember the amazement occasioned to the simple Roman Catholic missionaries by the spectacle of Buddhism in the countries in which it is still a living faith. They had laboured in China, and were already aware that Buddhism was a vast and complex creed which, though some centuries older than Christianity, consisted, like it, partly of the maxims of a very pure morality and partly of a great system of dogma on matters supernatural. They were not ignorant that the dogmatic part of it rested on the authority partly of certain sacred books, but chiefly of a number of Councils. Œcumenical so far as the Eastern world is concerned, of which the meetings and the decisions are as well authenticated as anything in history. But, while they were familiar with these analogies, they were utterly unprepared for the resemblance which, in the countries on the north-west of China, Buddhism wears to the practice and ceremonial which they had left at home. They found large monasteries of celibate monks, living a life which, so far as could be judged from its external aspect, was precisely that of the religious in Europe. They found preaching friars, pilgrimages, and modern miracles. They found temples which at the first glance might be taken for churches, and a ritual which scandalized and frightened them by its similarity to the

ministrations of the priest before the altar. The explanation of these startling phenomena which the missionaries gave to themselves was at once simple and complete. They said that it was all the work of the Devil. With the express object of preventing the spread of Roman Catholic Christianity in these regions, the Prince of Evil had had the malice to invent a caricature of it, and thus to create an obstacle to its propagation far more difficult to overcome than the most invincible ignorance and the most obstinate superstition.

One of the adventurous missionaries (if not both) is now dead. If they had been continuing their explorations during the present year they would have had yet one more devilish analogy to describe and account for. For Buddhism has not only its Scriptures, its Councils, its creeds, its asceticism, and its ceremonialism. It has also its infallible Pontiff. Nor is the way in which the Grand Lama acquired his "prerogative of inerrancy" in any way a secret or a mystery. He obtained it partly no doubt through the decline of the more spiritual forms of Buddhism, and through the consequent general tendency to the grosser kinds of superstition; but the chief cause of his elevation was the decay of Councils. India had revolted from the faith; China had grown careless and contemptuous; there were great political difficulties in the assembling of Councils, and, even when got together, they would not have represented what was conventionally regarded as the world of Buddhism. Accordingly the substitute for Councils which presented itself to the comparatively small part of the Buddhist community in which devotion remained fervent was to take a priest and to believe, or make believe, that he was infallible. That there is a real analogy between the infallible personages at Rome and at Lhassa will not be denied by anybody whose faith does not go the length of belief in magic. The other resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity may be superficial or accidental, and certainly it would be a mere conceit to affect to see in one creed the principles inherent in the other. But, in presence of the tremendous assumption that a particular human being can commit no error of opinion whatever concerning the things of the other world, or concerning morals and politics in this life, all other differences disappear. All systems of belief which include such an assumption are essentially identical.

From this point of view, it is curious to observe how much more sensible and better adapted to its object is the system of select-

ing the Grand Lama than the system of electing the Pope. A few years ago the infallible Pontiff of Thibet died, and the newspapers contained a despatch to the Emperor of China from his ambassador at Lhasa, giving an account of the mode of obtaining a new spiritual chief for Buddhism. A sort of competition was instituted between all the infants born in Thibet who presented certain signs — signs which were obviously supposed, according to a sort of rough phrenology, to indicate intelligence and gentleness of character. The child who exhibited these signs most distinctly was determined to be the Grand Lama, and was taken under the care of the heads of the Buddhist priesthood to be educated for his position. It seems to us that, if a religion is to be subject to the decrees of an infallible Pontiff, this is a particularly rational mode of mitigating the inconveniences which may be expected from the system. In the first place, the Church is saved from liability to an infallible sentence during the whole period of the pontifical nonage. Next, by the careful education of the child, and his lifelong seclusion from the world, the utmost security is taken for his reflecting the corporate spirit which he is supposed to embody. If an individual is to succeed to the functions of Œcumenical Councils, he had much better be brought up to no duties except the exercise of these functions. The dangers which the Roman Catholic Church has to apprehend from an infallible chief arise from the great part of his life which he will inevitably have passed in the world outside. The days of the incestuous, lascivious, wildly ambitious, and grossly covetous Popes have perhaps gone by. But there are many types of character produced by the long practice of particular ecclesiastical functions, or by a peculiar intellectual training, which if found in future Popes may well spread dismay through the whole Roman Catholic Church. An infallible Oxford convert would be a terrible danger, particularly if he had given his youth to weak poetry and his prime to effeminate sermons. An infallible Irish patriot might wreck the fortunes of the Church, and so might a Frenchman not fully weaned from belief in the glories of France. Perhaps an Italian who has been little out of Rome is the safest depositary of these startling powers: but even with him the Church is not safe from the consequences of vanity, obstinacy, and garrulity in old age, and its tendency to contract its society within the limits of cliques. By adopting the dogma of Infallibility the Church has probably made it inevitable that the present history of the

Popes shall take the place of tradition as an overruling ecclesiastical influence.

From The Spectator.

#### THE CONCEALMENT OF WEALTH.

WE are assured by three separate and, in their way, competent authorities, that diamonds have of late shown a tendency to rise in value, have indeed risen within the last six or eight months from 7 to 8 per cent. The fact is remarkable, as diamonds, owing to the cosmopolitan character of the demands for them, are comparatively independent of the caprices of fashion, and have had for years almost as fixed a value as gold or silver. Their price has increased indeed, but not in sudden rushes. Newspaper readers are sometimes startled or amused by narratives of new discoveries of diamond mines in Australia, or the Cape, or Lower California; [why does not somebody spend a thousand or two in geological investigation of Golconda, a district never scientifically searched?] or by stories of some chemist who has made diamonds, and will speedily flood the market; but dealers, we suspect, are very little affected by such rumours. Diamonds are pretty things, let philosophers say what they will, eternal dewdrops being necessarily as pretty as dewdrops which last a minute; but the desire for them is no more a taste — as the desire for china, for example, is — than the desire for gold, and fluctuates just as little. They excite at once the passion for value and the love of rarity. The trade, though apt, like the trade in bullion, to concentrate itself in few hands is a large one; and the supply, we expect, without exactly knowing, begins to fail to keep pace with the demand. Diamonds do not wear out, but every year more and more people want them. If that is the case, if demand and supply have just become unequal, the price may continue to advance, and within a very few years reach a figure which may make the little jewels rank among the best of interest-bearing investments. Such an occurrence seems odd to men who cannot perceive the charm of precious stones; but it is not more odd than the duration of the taste for this particular stone, which has outlasted not only fashions but civilizations, and shows no sign of diminution, or than the undoubted and extraordinary rise in the price of all articles of useless or artistic luxury. Pictures, gems, china, bronzes, *bric à brac* of every sort, rare shawls, rare engravings, and even rare fruits, flowers,

and dogs, are as steadily tending upwards in value as if their price depended on a want, and not a caprice. It is the most curious illustration of the unchangeableness of the changeable, of the law which governs even caprices, that we are acquainted with, and tends to indicate that the desire for the rare — which we all notice and smile at in bibliopoles, antiquarians, entomologists, and every variety of the genus collector, — is not an exceptional eccentricity, but a permanent attribute of the human mind, though only noticed in those who have wealth to indulge it in some unusual or splendid form. It is like the desire of accumulation, one of the passions, and not one of the mere tastes of men, and may be relied on in business almost as certainly as self-interest, vanity, or ambition.

It is probable, we say, that the demand for a rare article of luxury, which is desired throughout the world, which is imperishable, and which alone among such articles can be instantly and certainly turned into cash, has at last exceeded the supply, just as the demand for gold to use up in art-work had, before the discovery of California, begun to exceed the supply; and if so, prices will rise rapidly; but it is also just possible that the demand is increased by another cause. It has been supposed for some years that the practice of hoarding, once so universal, is gradually dying out under the influence of education and the desire for interest, and the belief is in part well founded. The French peasant, for example, puts his savings into Rentes, and defiant of economics, quotes their cheapness as proof of the kindness of the Empire; the Italian invests all he can spare in some new business, or another vineyard; and the German never wearies of American Bonds. There is a good deal of hoarding still in out-of-the-way places; but it will probably yield to the growing desire for money and the growing insecurity of portable property from theft. The number of districts in Europe where men can sleep with open doors grow few, and that of the "unsophisticated," to whom a buried hoard is no temptation, fewer still; while the recent series of swindles at Naples, if it shows the credulity of the poor, shows also the awakening of the taste for speculation. The hoards of the whole city were produced because a knot of speculators offered 5 per cent. a month, and paid interest with new deposits. But we are by no means certain that the temptation to secrete wealth is dying out among the rich as the temptation to hoard dies out among the poor. On the contrary, we suspect that it increases, and will in time become rather

a marked feature in modern society. Modern fiscal legislation tends very much to generate such an impulse. Except in France, direct taxation begins to press so heavily that the rich are almost as much tempted to make their wealth movable as the Jews were in the Middle Ages. In Italy, for example, a rich man who desires a large available income, — and under a democratic *régime* income tends to be more valued than real property, — finds land the most burdensome because the most visible of investments. Income from land is paying 25 per cent. to the State, — a five shilling income-tax. The Funds pay less, diamonds pay nothing, and rise in value sufficiently to yield interest, while foreign investments are exempted from the tax-gatherer's shears. A man with £1,000 a year from land, who sold it, bought American Consols, and lived quietly, would probably save £200 a year from this source alone. The desire to avoid trouble tends, in every country where visible property does not yield political power or social status, in the same direction, and so does the fear of social change. This has not risen perhaps to any very great height, except in Spain, but it might rise as high as it is there, where the rich are constantly investing their wealth in forms beyond the reach of the populace, — in securities which they can carry about, or even conceal entirely. It is of course, very difficult to appear poor when you are rich without surrendering at the same time most of the advantages of wealth; but it is possible, if you know the world at all, to do so in a very great degree. A Spanish noble, for example, with a quarter of a million and some trace of cosmopolitan education, need never leave ten thousand pounds within reach of the Government or the mob, or limit his choice of residence to his own country. He has only to buy American, Indian, English, or any other securities, deposit them with any bank like the London and Westminster, draw the income regularly, and be out of the reach of any movement at home. The mob may kill him, but cannot impoverish him, cannot stop his living in wealthy luxury anywhere he likes. His trouble and loss in transporting himself to a place of safety are reduced to a railway journey of a few hours and a letter to his banker. When the nobles of France fled, as the nobles of Spain are flying now and for the same reason, an exaggerated fear of a proletariat which has nothing, the Convention reduced them to beggary, as in certain extreme cases Spain may yet reduce her absentee proprietors. Nicholas of Rus-

sia controlled his nobles abroad by his well understood determination to confiscate their property if they disobeyed, but a Frenchman or Russian of to-day is almost independent of such threats. You cannot get at foreign bonds lodged in a different country, and yielding interest as readily at Como as at St. Petersburg. If the bonds are book debts, like English and Indian Consols, they are absolutely beyond seizure, robbery, fire, or loss, as safe as if the owner could create his income by volition. The Belgian Liberals say that their priesthood have availed themselves of this form of international intercourse to place their wealth beyond the grasp of Parliament; and it is certain that this is the mode in which the Royal Families, who are growing very wealthy, place themselves beyond the reach of revolution. The contrivance by which the ex-King George of Hanover placed his fortune out of reach has been matter of debate in the Prussian Parliament, and even of diplomatic despatches.

Any tendency to conceal wealth in this way, from fear of revolution, or of robbery, or of opinion, or of confinement to one place, will, of course, tend to increase the value of the only article which combines extreme value, exchangeability, and smallness. A million of francs can be carried about in diamonds as easily as in notes, with just as little risk of robbery, and just as great a certainty of exchange into solid cash. Wise men would prefer Rentes or Consols, but there are people who prefer to see their wealth, and are not easy when it is parted from them, numerous enough to make this form of hoarding distinctly perceptible in the market. Bills of exchange or notes cannot be worn for years so as always to be ready for flight, but diamonds do not suffer by abrasion, or damp, or time.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
TORNADO IN BARBADOS.

THE 10th of October 1780 was a day famous in the history of Barbados, on account of a terrible hurricane which devastated the island for three days, involving the loss of life and property to a fearful extent, and which was yearly commemorated by special religious services almost up to the 11th of August 1831, when another similar scourge, far more disastrous in its consequences, though providentially shorter in its duration, swept over the Atlantic Ocean, carrying death and destruction in its course.

The season had been unusually favourable to vegetation; and on the evening of Wednesday the 10th of August, the sun set on as fair and verdant a landscape as it is possible to conceive of; but on the morning of the 11th it rose on a scorched and blasted wilderness, such as no man can adequately portray. Far as the eye could range, neither a house nor a tree could be seen, save as their ruins marked the course of the storm. Corn-fields and cane-patches which the evening before were rich in all the beauty of tropical luxuriance, were brown and withered as though burned by fire.

I was a young man then, not twenty years of age, and was on a visit to a planter, who, with two elderly maiden sisters, resided on his estate about ten miles from Bridgetown, the capital of the island. The house, two stories high, with a frontage of about eighty feet, was built of the limestone peculiar to the country, the walls being three to four feet in thickness. The basement consisted of a dining-room, about forty feet long, with verandah in front, facing the north; at the eastern extremity was a billiard-room; and at the western side were the drawing-room and entrance-hall, from which rose the staircase, leading to a corridor the whole length of the house, with the bedrooms on either side; and at the back were a harness-room and coach-house, over the former of which was a spare bedroom with paper of a bluish pattern, from which circumstance it was called the Blue Room; above this, again, was a store-room, in which all the choice liquors—old rum, brandy, wines, bottled ale, &c.—were deposited. I give this description of the premises, because it is necessary for understanding subsequent portions of this narrative; and I should add that, while this Blue Room communicated with the other portion of the house inside, there was also a stone flight of steps outside, leading to the passage through which you had to pass in order to get to the store-room.

We retired to our rooms about ten o'clock. *Snow*, an English dog belonging to my friend, something between a foxhound and a terrier, followed me into my room—a thing she had never done before. Having tucked my mosquito-curtain securely round my bed, I lay down—but not to sleep. It soon began to rain heavily, and thundered and lightened. About midnight, I was startled by *Snow* springing bang through the mosquito-net on to the bed. I kicked her off; but in about ten minutes after she made another bound through a different part of the curtain; and at the same time I became conscious of a strange noise min-

gling with the increasing roar of the rain on the wooden shingles of the roof, and the howling of the wind, and the booming of the thunder. (I may as well state here that this gong-like sound was occasioned by some sheet-copper, loosened from a portion of the roof, flapping against the side of the house.) Hurling the dog to the other end of the room, I sprang out of bed in alarm, and thought of arousing my host, to ascertain what this horrible din could mean, for I began to suspect that a hurricane was brewing. Accordingly, I dressed myself; but concluding that the other inmates of the house must be aware of all that was occurring, and fearing lest I should be laughed at next day for having been unnecessarily frightened, I again lay down, though with my clothes on, ready against any emergency. Till about three o'clock, I thus remained in terror, reproaching myself for having so ruthlessly repelled the poor animal, whose instinct had prompted her to give me warning of approaching danger, when my host came to the door and advised me to get up, as the window-shutters of the dining-room were nearly all blown in, and the principal door was also blown open.

I lost no time in going down, and found the whole household at work with hammers and nails, trying to secure the shutters and door; but all in vain. The dining-table and chairs, and the heavy billiard-table, were all huddled up together in one corner. My friend, on being asked if there were no more nails, told me he had some in his bedroom, and asked me to accompany him up-stairs, which I did; and just as we were about to leave his room, he said: "I may as well lock the door, in case the wind should force the window in your room;" both chambers being at the eastern end of the corridor, and opposite each other. "Strange!" said he; "I cannot lock it. What can be the reason? It always locks so easily. You try." "It's of no use," I said, after making several attempts; "and I think we had better not stop here any longer." "Let me have one more try," said he. "No," I exclaimed; "I shall not remain any longer." He begged me not to go. I do not know why, but I stubbornly refused, and moved along the corridor towards the staircase. Reluctantly, he followed; and he afterwards told me that he saw the whole of that portion of the house fall in as he reached the end of the passage. The wind now, however, drowned all other sounds. Just at that instant we met his sisters, and all the servants with their children, in all about twenty; and the two ladies at once suggested that we should take refuge in the Blue Room, as

being, in their opinion, the strongest, though the oldest part of the building. We went to the Blue Room, and I was then asked to read from the Prayer-book; and bawling out at the top of my voice portions of service appointed to be read during a storm at sea, was suddenly brought to a stop by a crash overhead; and in a moment—the room not being ceiled—down came a torrent of choice wines, beer, and spirits on our heads. The roof over the store-room had gone, and part of the wall had fallen in upon the treasures beneath. But what now? All is suddenly hushed! Yes; the storm is over: we are delivered! Praises and thanksgivings were uttered by all. The wind had hitherto come from the north-east, and the window of our little room faced south-west. "Sometimes," my host remarked, "the hurricane, after a pause, returns with redoubled fury from the opposite point. Let us take precautions."

We fastened the shutters; and with the help of one of the blacks, I placed two large chests, filled with bed and table linen, one on the top of the other, against the door that opened on the steps from the outside. Twenty minutes have elapsed, when—hark! what is that? A sound that could only be compared to the howlings of all the Lost Souls burst upon our affrighted ears, and in an instant the window of our ark burst into the room; the door, which was opposite, was blown outwards, most providentially, for thus a free current was afforded to the blasts. The floor of the store-room above us was tilted up at the farthest extremity, as we discovered by the lightning. Mortar and rubbish were driven into our faces, and our eyes were blinded. A wild shriek of despair from the women, and a frantic rush pell-mell for the door ensued. I shouted as loud as I could "Come back!" and having lost their shawls and handkerchiefs off their heads, and not being able to see an inch before them, they unwillingly returned; and well for them they did, for, as we discovered when day dawned, the inside staircase was gone.

All that I have narrated, thus far, occupied about half an hour; but for two hours and a half we stood in darkness drenched with rain, and chilled to numbness by the wind, praying for help, but expecting death as inevitable from one moment to another. I placed myself as near the window as possible, resolved that when I found the room going, I would make one effort for dear life by jumping from the window. After a while, I became so far calm that I could look Death in the face without fear, and had my attention sufficiently drawn off from my-

self as to be conscious of what some of those in the room near me were saying. One poor creature repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over again; another recited the Creed; whilst a third most vociferously and earnestly reiterated passages from the Litany. At six o'clock the hurricane ceased, and the sun rose, and we hastened to escape from our perilous position, though, as we descended the steps on the outside, we had to slide down on our haunches, it being even then impossible for us to stand against the force of the blast.

As we reached the little harness-room, which was underneath the Blue Room, a perfect cataract of rain fell for about half an hour, and then all was hushed, and we began to peer about, but could not realize what we beheld — could not believe that the noble mansion of the day before was a heap of ruins — could not understand how it was that there were no trees to be seen; and when I ventured into the garden, and orchard, and neighbouring fields, I found the ground strewn with fragments of spars, rafters, and beams, and studded with wooden shingles, many of them having been hurled high into the air, and dashed to the ground with such violence as to be embedded in it so firmly that I found it impossible to move them.

Poor *Snow* made her appearance about half an hour after we escaped. She was not hurt, but very much scared and bewildered. So thorough was the smash, that the bedstead I had slept on was never identified by so much as a splinter.

During the following days, we heard the reports from the different districts. Many rushed from their beds as the houses were falling. Two sisters hand in hand were struck down as they fled: in the morning, one found that the other was dead. Delicate women were picked up with their clothes literally torn from them by the violence of the wind. In Bridgetown, the scenes presented by the coloured population, who are extremely demonstrative under excitement, were heart-rending, as they sought loved ones who were missing or buried under the ruins, for in those three hours one thousand seven hundred human beings perished. Hundreds of dwelling-houses were blown down. Not one escaped without damage. Out of thirteen stone churches, eleven were totally levelled with

the ground. I saw some with walls four feet thick lying in unbroken masses, cut down about four feet from the foundations. The vessels in the harbour were driven high and dry on shore. A piece of solid mahogany of about four cubic feet was carried from the quay over the roofs of houses, and lodged in the middle of the main street. The chests of linen that I placed against the door were carried the entire length of the passage, about twelve feet, and one was jammed half-way up the staircase leading to the store-room; the other was deposited in the middle of the store-room floor.

In one spot you would perceive what had been an extensive tenement all in ruins, and beside it, within a few yards, still erect and without injury, some insignificant out-building; proving that in these tempests the wind does not blow straight from one point, but comes in a rapid succession of whirlwinds, or tornadoes, as they are termed. I had further confirmation of this, in observing that trees which were not utterly destroyed, had their limbs twisted corkscrew fashion, such as the tamarind and mahogany trees. The cocoa-nut trees that flourish in these regions, and grow to the height of forty and fifty feet, were demolished by thousands; and the mountain cabbage, a still more majestic palm, reaching an altitude of ninety and a hundred feet, with a girth tapering from the root of three or four yards, was snapped, in many instances, a dozen feet from the ground, as though it had been a twig; whilst many a stately mango tree was prostrated, to say nothing of the other smaller arborets, such as the cashew, the bread-fruit, the plantains, and bananas.

One gentleman whom I knew quitted his dwelling with his wife and four children hand clasped in hand; but no sooner had they got outside the door, than they were all separated, and blown in different directions. At daybreak he began his search, and having first found his wife, they eventually came upon all the children, one after the other, all very cold and wet, but not otherwise injured. It is right to record that parliament voted one hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the sufferers. Had the storm continued with the same violence for three days, instead of three hours, there would not have been a soul left alive to tell "how the wind blows in Barbados."

From The Saturday Review.

WALLACE ON NATURAL SELECTION.\*

IN his modest contributions to the theory of natural selection Mr. Wallace has brought to the aid of Mr. Darwin's important theory no mean amount of confirmation and support. His high repute as a naturalist of logical and observant mind, coupled with the width and variety of scale on which his studies of nature have been carried on, must give to his conclusions a scientific weight wholly beyond that of the ablest criticism from a less special or authoritative stand-point. From a moral point of view the higher interest attaches to the subsidiary alliance, so to say, which he has thus, unsolicited, sought with the cause of natural selection, in that he might himself, in no mean degree, have put forth a claim as an independent originator of the theory. Nothing can indeed be handsomer or in better taste than the way in which Mr. Wallace disclaims on his own behalf what, to many a scientific discoverer, might appear very fair pretensions to an equality, if not a priority, of place in the promulgation of the great modern idea of the evolution of life. It is only as having "a certain historical value" that he puts forward anew the pair of Essays in which he laid down, fifteen years ago, the outlines of a scheme identical all but in name with that of Natural Selection, announced with startling effect by Mr. Darwin. He has wisely reprinted them without alteration as the most emphatic evidence of his own stage of scientific progress at that date. He had then, he assures us, not the slightest notion of the scope and nature of Mr. Darwin's labours. The first of these Essays was published in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, the second in the *Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society*. Not being likely to attract the attention of any but working naturalists, it is hardly surprising that few had the opportunity of ascertaining how much or how little they contained. Thus it happened that while some writers gave him more credit than he deserved, others very naturally classed him with Dr. Wells and Mr. Patrick Matthew, whom Mr. Darwin shows to have certainly propounded the fundamental principle of natural selection before himself, but to have made no further use of that principle, and to have failed to see its wide and immensely important applications. The second of Mr. Wallace's Essays in particu-

lar, "On the Tendency of Varieties to depart indefinitely from the Original Type," tentative and vague as it must appear in the light of the intervening years of progress, presents to us something like the faint and nebulous image which we see through a telescope of lower power compared with the well-defined and lustrous spiral of Lord Rosse's magnificent reflector. It is full of interest as showing how thoroughly the author discerned at the time the value and scope of the law which he had discovered, and which he has since been able to verify and apply in many a field of original investigation. We have here another emphatic instance of that concurrent or dual law of discovery with which the precedents of Newton and Leibnitz, Adams and Leverrier have made us familiar. So far, however, from the idea of rivalry, we find Mr. Wallace expressing the most sincere satisfaction that Mr. Darwin had long been previously at work, and that it was not left for himself to undertake the Origin of Species. Having measured his own strength, he confesses himself less equal to the task than others who have learnt to value his abilities might be disposed to think. Even if not suited, as he modestly pleads, to those more scientific and elaborate processes of induction and correlation which in Mr. Darwin's hands have laid the foundation of a new school in Europe and America, and marked out for our age the lines of advance for all naturalistic and biological science, his independent research has resulted, he may justly boast, in his seizing upon many a group of unappropriated facts, and tracing out the generalization which may bring them under the reign of admitted law. A further reason which has led him to the publication of the present volume is that there are not a few important points on which he differs from Mr. Darwin. He has sought in consequence to put his own opinions on record in an easily accessible form before the publication of the new and crowning instalment of his great work which Mr. Darwin has already announced. His independence of view is most conspicuously traceable in the last but one of the Essays making up the present series, "On the Development of Human Races under the law of Natural Selection." This paper has been reprinted from the *Anthropological Review*, with a few alterations and additions of some importance. Certain more extensive modifications contemplated by their writer have, he tells us, been withheld by him for fear lest he should weaken the effect without adding much to the argument. It will be interesting to trace how far he has anticipated Mr. Darwin

\* *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection. A series of Essays.* By Alfred Russell Wallace, Author of the "Malay Archipelago," &c. &c., London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

in the application of his theory to the vexed problem of the origin and development of man. We shall doubtless gain from the master of the theory himself an amount of learning and a fulness of illustration infinitely beyond the slight and sketchy outline which we get from Mr. Wallace. In width of research and wealth of material, the original philosopher of natural selection stands, it is not disputed, at the head of all the naturalists of the day. It is this quality of richness in the accumulation of facts which gives to every production of his pen a value and an authority of its own altogether apart from the special hypothesis which his facts are intended to uphold. We can hardly conceive, however, that his line of argument is likely to deviate widely from that which we find laid down in Mr. Wallace's short and preparatory Essay.

On the general question of man's great antiquity most intelligent persons may be taken now as approximately agreed. The first point on which thoughtful men are divided relates to the unity or plurality of mankind at the remote period of their origin. Have the various forms under which man now exists been distinct from the beginning, or have all been derived from some single pre-existing form? In other words, is man of one or many species? In favour of the unity of mankind, it is urged that there are no races without transitions to others, that every race exhibits within itself variations of colour, of hair, of feature, and of form to such a degree as to bridge over, to a large extent, the gap that separates it from other races. Given due length of time for these differences to develop themselves under the influence of climate, food, and other physical causes, we can readily account for all the variations of type which at present meet the eye. On the other hand there are the proofs of stability of type in monuments as ancient as those of Egypt, China, and Mexico. Portuguese and Spanish settlers in South America, the Dutch at the Cape and the Moluccas, the Jews dispersed widely as the human race, retain their characteristic lineaments unchanged for centuries. The mound builders of the Mississippi valley and the dwellers on Brazilian mountains had, even in the infancy of the human race, definite traces of the peculiar type of cranial formation which characterizes them still. It is Mr. Wallace's aim to show how, by the light of natural selection, these opposing views of anthropologists can be reconciled. This may be effected, he argues, if we consider that a condition of immobility for a long period, say the last four or five thousand years,

need not preclude an advance at an earlier period, or if we can show that there are causes in nature which would check any further physical changes when certain conditions were fulfilled. Supposing it now to have been substantially made good that the changes in the organic world have run parallel with, or have been in part dependent upon, changes in the inorganic, so that animal forms have developed in harmony with the external conditions of nature, and by virtue of peculiarities inherited in the organism, enhanced by the "survival of the fittest," and modifying the whole being by the principle of the correlation of growth, is there anything in the nature of man which takes him out of the category of those existences over whose successive mutations this law had such a powerful sway? In other words, can or cannot the theory of natural selection be applied to the question of the origin of man in the same way as to the origin of animals of lower type?

Now the reason, Mr. Wallace argues, why this principle acts so powerfully upon brutes depends chiefly upon their self-dependence and individual isolation. The mere animal, if sick or weak, falls an early prey or is left to die. The struggle for life is pitiless and intense. There is no capacity for acting in concert, no division of labour, no foresight for contingent needs. Again, when gradual changes of physical geography or climate compel corresponding changes on the part of the animal, this is only possible to the beast in the way of a change of bodily structure and internal organization. Has a larger or more powerful foe to be encountered? Has a carnivorous animal, by reason of the decreasing numbers of the antelopes on which he has hitherto preyed, got to attack buffaloes? It is only those with most powerful claws and most formidable teeth that can struggle with and overcome such an animal. Together with a new kind of food, again, natural selection will come in to act upon the stomach and intestines, adapting them to new conditions of diet, failing which, in the weaker specimens, the animal species will decrease in number and die out. But man has in his intellect a preservative against the ills of mere animal existence. He does not require longer nails or sharper teeth. He makes himself sharper spears or a stronger bow, or constructs a more cunning pitfall, or hunts his prey in larger company. Instead of putting forth thicker fur or longer wool, he takes to himself clothing, a house, and a fire. He plants seeds, and diversifies his diet. He has thus in lapse of time taken away from nature that power of slowly, but permanently, chang-

ing the external form and structure which she exercises over the mere animal. Whatever might have been the process of raising organic forms in general from an originally common type, so long as simply natural forces suffered no check or interference of an artificial kind, the law of organic change went on in harmony with the changing universe. During that period took place, it is contended, those great modifications of structure and external form which resulted in the development of man out of some lower type of animal. Before his intellect had raised him above the level of the brutes, at a period when he was gregarious but scarcely social, man was subject to the influence of that natural selection to which were due the primary divisions of race which have since remained stamped upon his kind. But as he became truly man, with reflection, speech, intellectual and moral instincts, he was able thenceforth to keep himself, with little change, in harmony with the changing universe around him:—

There is one point, however, in which nature will still act upon him as it does upon animals, and, to some extent, modify his external characters. Mr. Darwin has shown that the colour of the skin is correlated with constitutional peculiarities both in vegetables and animals, so that liability to certain diseases or freedom from them is often accompanied by marked external characters. Now, there is every reason to believe that this has acted, and to some extent, may still to continue to act, on man. In localities where certain diseases are prevalent, those individuals or savage races which were subject to them would rapidly die off; while those who were constitutionally free from the disease would survive and form the progenitors of a new race. These favoured individuals would probably be distinguished by peculiarities of colour, with which again peculiarities in the texture or the abundance of hair seems to be correlated, and thus may have been brought about those racial differences of colour which seem to have no relation to mere temperature or other obvious peculiarities of climate.

From the time, therefore, when the social and sympathetic feelings came into active operation, and the intellectual and moral faculties became fairly developed, man would cease to be influenced by "natural selection" in his physical form and structure. As an animal he would remain almost stationary, the changes of the surrounding universe ceasing to produce in him that powerful modifying effect which they exercise over other parts of the organic world. But from the moment that the form of his body became stationary, his mind would become subject to those very influences from which his body had escaped; every slight variation in his mental and moral nature which should enable him

better to guard against adverse circumstances, and combine for mutual comfort and protection, would be preserved and accumulated; the better and higher specimens of our race would therefore increase and spread, the lower and more brutal would give way and successively die out, and that rapid advancement of mental organization would occur, which has raised the very lowest races of man so far above the brutes (although differing so little from some of them in physical structure), and, in conjunction with scarcely perceptible modifications of form, has developed the wonderful intellect of the European races.

That Mr. Wallace is no blind devotee to the principle to which he assigns the primary distinctions of race and organism is shown by his concluding Essay on the "Limits of Natural Selection as applied to Man." There are, he considers, certain characteristics in man which could not possibly have been produced by the working of that principle; some which would have been useless, nay positively injurious to him, when first engendered, and consequently opposed to a law which, by Mr. Darwin's own challenge, can work only to the end of good. The brain of the savage, for example, appears to be larger than he needs it to be, implying the possession of faculties which in his undeveloped state he never had occasion to use. But the essence of the laws of evolution is that they lead to a degree of organization exactly proportionate to the wants of each species, never beyond those wants. No preparations can be made by them for the future development of the race, nor did any part of the body ever increase in size or complexity except in strict co-ordination to the pressing wants of the whole. "The brain of prehistoric and savage man seems to me to prove the existence of some power, distinct from that which has guided the development of the lower animals through their ever-varying forms of being." The absence of hair, again, from so much of man's body, from the back especially, which the savage seeks to supplement by coverings applied in the first instance to that as the most sensitive region of the organisms, could not have been otherwise than harmful. The loss of the prehensile foot is a further evidence of some other agency than the beneficent power of the selection of the fittest having been here at work. How could the voice of man with its wonderful power, range, sweetness, and flexibility, have been developed out of the rude habits of savages, who give no indication of its possession or its use? Here, too, the organ has been prepared in anticipation of the future progress and higher capabilities of man. Nor is

the origin of those higher faculties of his, the ideal conceptions of space and time, of eternity and infinity, the capacity for science and art, to be explained by the mere preservation of useful variations in the savage; while in the moral sense, nay in consciousness itself, we have instances of results equally transcending the power of evolutions by material law. Here, however, our author appears to be losing himself. He is either relaxing his hold of the theory which has carried him through so vast a range of the kingdom of life, or is straining it by an extension into regions of thought and speculation beyond its legitimate scope. We have never understood Mr. Darwin to put forward his hypothesis as a universal solvent for all the mysteries of organized being, as defining the stages of man's intellectual and moral progress no less than the primary changes of the unconscious organism. On the other hand, Mr. Wallace's reasoning seems to point to some occult or spiritual agency or force in nature and man, prior and superior to all law, and exterior to the unity of cosonical order. At this point he parts company with science, and we have no power to follow him. Suffice it to say that our faith in the universality of natural law receives no shock even should it be shown to fall short of explaining all mysteries and all knowledge. On whatever hypothesis we may attempt to rear the combined structure of material and mental philosophy, there are certain ultimate facts in each absolutely incommensurable to our minds. Mr. Wallace himself quotes with approval the words of Professor Tyndall, that on any hypothesis "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable." Why then lose confidence in a theory of organic development because it seems to halt on the threshold of the great mystery of immaterial and conscious forces? We may safely leave it to Mr. Darwin to clear away many of the objections which are here taken against his system. As regards others, we might refer the objector to not a few of his own arguments in this volume on "Creation by Law," in reply to the Duke of Argyll. If in the harmonious modifications and adaptations of living types we are enabled to see a law of relative perfection, why should not the same law be conceived to extend to those stages of growth which are as yet in embryo? May not the apparently purposeless functions or capacities of the organism be themselves manifestations, dimly seen or appreciated by us, of the same vital power which is not the product but the source of all organic development? In pursuance of

this argument for unity in nature and life we would fain draw attention to the short but admirable paper on "Instinct in Man and Animals," in which the writer deprecates the calling in of any new and mysterious power to account for what is perfectly in accordance with recognized laws and conditions of life. The same train of thought will be found carried on with much acuteness and observation in "The Philosophy of Birds' Nests." In two Essays upon this subject, as well as in one on "Mimicry and other Protective Resemblances," both in birds and in the insect kingdom more particularly, where the writer is lord beyond most living naturalists, he has combined an abundance of fresh and original facts with a liveliness and sagacity of reasoning which are not often displayed so effectively on so small a scale. It is not every writer who out of so limited a province of natural history could bring to light so many interesting and unexpected harmonies among the phenomena of life presented by the whole range of organized beings.

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From The Academy.

#### MAN AND THE APES.

M. PRUNER BEY has recently sent in a communication to the "Société d'Anthropologie," of which an abstract is furnished in *Cosmos* of May 28, on the question whether the anatomical differences between certain apes are greater than those which exist between man and those apes which most closely resemble him, and which (very erroneously) are termed anthropomorphous; in other words, Can we class man with the *primates*? The author admits that at first sight the resemblance between man and the higher apes is very great: all their bones for example, with two exceptions, precisely correspond; but on further investigation, he observes, the resemblance becomes less apparent. He lays stress on the importance of considering not only the points of resemblance but also those of difference; and cites the opinions of Huxley and Crisp. He then proceeds to compare the man and ape whilst living, and points out that, independently of the difference that exists between them in attitude, gestures, movements, and aspect, which relegates the ape so decisively to the brute creation, there are three characters that are common to all the apes, rendering them fundamentally distinct from man. The first of these characters is the clothing of hair with which they are covered, the ab-

sence of which in man must possess so powerful an influence in leading him to exercise his ingenuity in improving his condition by the discovery of fire and the wearing of clothes. In addition, the peripheric sensibility arising from the conformation of his hand and of its tactile papillæ, is the correlative of a sixth sense, the *geometric sense*, the employment of which is manifest. Secondly, the ape has a canine tooth, which serves him as a weapon, and the absence of which in man has led him to invent arms of steadily advancing improvement. Thirdly, a difference exists in the direction of the axis of the body when the natural posture is assumed: and this, as is rendered evident by the form, arrangement, and structure of the bones, down to their most minute details, is horizontal in the ape, but vertical in man. In regard to the muscular system, the most marked points of difference exist: and the same may be said of the circulatory system; in which, as Gratiolet observes, the arterial process is much more completely developed in man. The structure of the viscera, again, in the gorilla and chimpanzee, clearly indicates their herbivorous nature. Lastly, there are the differences which depend on the nails, the beard, and the penal bone. M. Pruner Bey then contrasts the crania of the negro and the Chinaman with those of the gorilla, the chimpanzee, orang, and two others, all of which latter present an appearance similar to, yet distinct from, that of the two former. In the latter, however, it may be noted that the surface

of their cranium is less than that of their face, appearing in fact as if it were only an appendage of the latter, whilst in man the opposite obtains. So, also, the supra-orbital crests are enormous in the apes, and destitute of function, for they contain nothing. "They constitute simply a symbol of bestiality." The cranial sutures, again, are precocious, and the forehead is absent. An examination of the simian skull as a whole shows it to be contracted laterally, posteriorly, and even superiorly, by muscles which contrast strongly with those of the skull of man. The concave face and retreating chin produce a muzzle or tendency to prognathism, which contrasts even with the negro. The eye is not placed below the brain, and its axis, instead of being horizontal, is directed downwards and outwards. The inter-orbital septum is narrow, and the nose is flattened. M. Bey then points out the characters of the superior maxillary bone, and notices the persistence of the inter-maxillary bone and sutures. He then discusses the differential characters derived from the teeth, and from the internal mould of the cranium, and concludes by remarking that the ape differs anatomically from man, not only by simple degradation, but by a contrast evident in every part. Even from its first appearance in the Miocene, if we may judge from the mandible and the bones of the extremities, the ape presents all the characters observable in existing species; "man, in fact, constitutes not a kingdom only, but a world apart."

RUSKIN ON WAR AND WOMEN — MR. RUSKIN, at the close of a recent lecture on war, addressed to the Royal Military College, Woolwich, made the following remarks to the ladies present: — "You may wonder, perhaps, that I have spoken this night in praise of war. Yet truly, if it might be, I, for one, would fain join the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into plough shares; and that this cannot be, is not the fault of us men. It is your fault. Wholly yours. Only by your command, or by your permission, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now, I just tell you this; that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke china upon your

own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that, at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know, if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many orphans and widows. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with these; but, at least, we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has a conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you to your conscience. Let every lady in the happy classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black — a mute's black — with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an invasion into prettiness: I tell you again, no war would last a week."

Graphic.